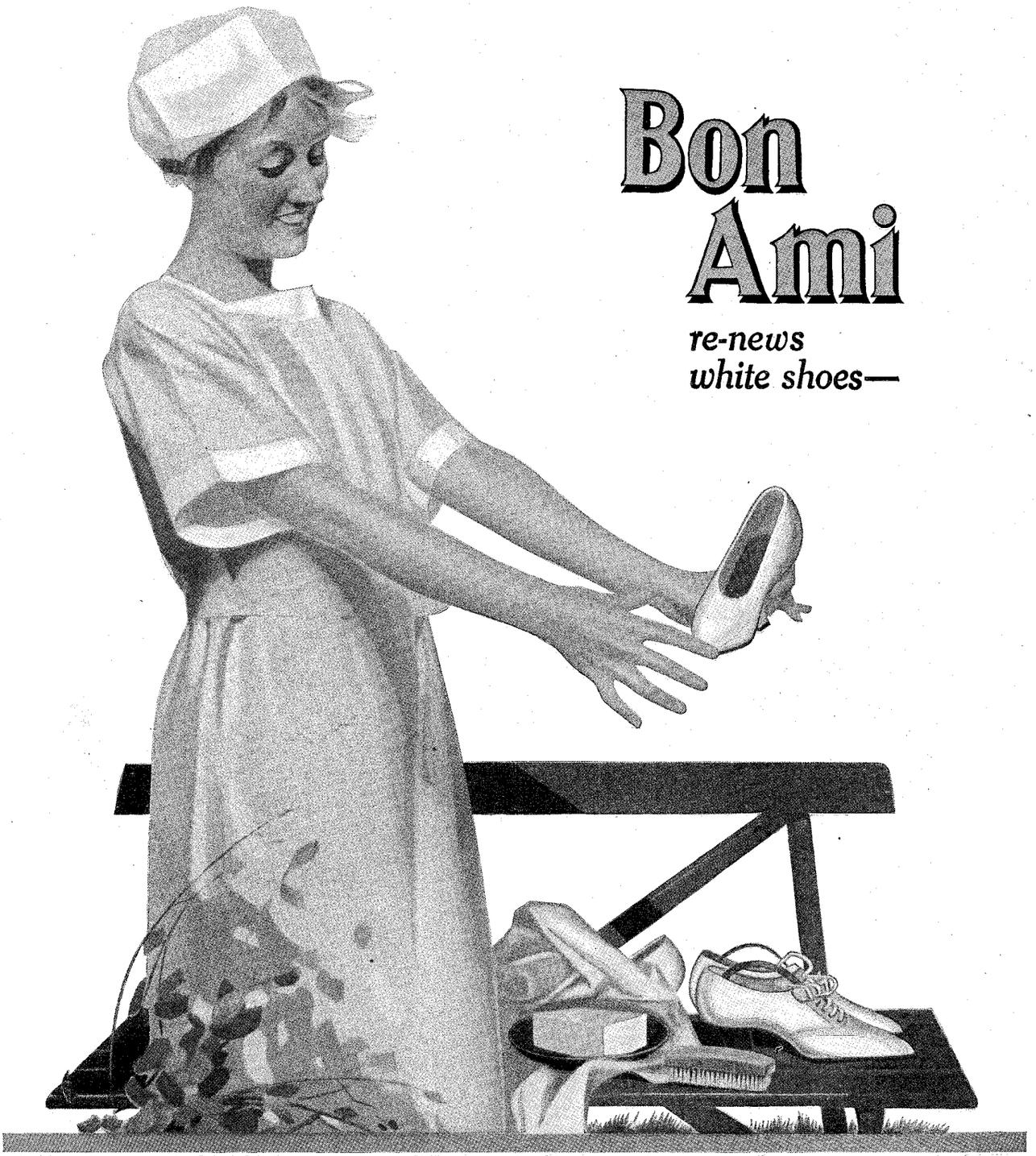

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How I Discovered My Own Character

One Evening's Experience That Changed the Career of Donald Warwick and Gave Him the Big Job of His Dreams

I SHALL never forget the light that flooded my mental vision when Dr. Blackford singled me out from that audience of 153 purchasing agents and said: "This gentleman is wasting his time in the wrong kind of work—for he is the *blond* type!"

We were gathered at the Hotel Astor for a dinner and meeting of purchasing agents—and the men represented the greatest concerns of their kind in the United States.

Dr. Blackford had come to give us one of the famous demonstrations in Character Analysis about which I heard more than once—and the eager audience by this time was leaning forward to catch every word of a remarkable message.

No wonder! For Dr. Blackford had begun with the startling observation:

"It is exactly as I told your president it would be—when he invited me to address this company.

"All of you—with a half dozen exceptions—are rather pronounced *brunets*.

"You will never fail to find this true of any group of successful purchasing agents—no matter where you meet them.

"But, were this an organization of successful salesmen, you would find most of them to be *blonds*.

"The brunet is the man from Missouri. He must be 'shown.' He is thoughtful, analytical, conservative, deliberate—everything a buyer should be. The blond is usually quite the reverse. He is a man of moods, of imagination, impetuous, easy to sell, but remarkably qualified to influence other people and to make them buy things."

And I am the blond type—thought I—one of the exceptions in this room! Can it be that I am "in wrong"? I had felt that in that group of purchasing agents I could hold up my end quite well. And I was jolted!

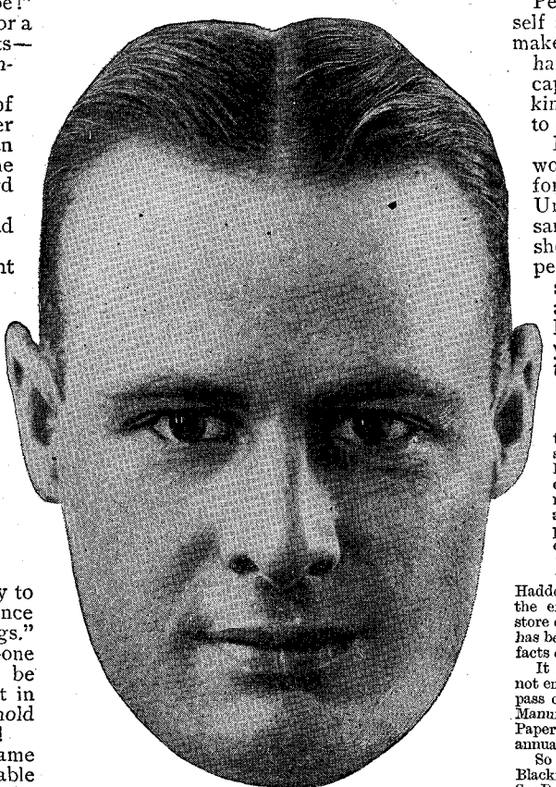
But as Dr. Blackford went on I became more and more certain that this remarkable teacher of character analysis had called the turn correctly.

"There is more to this scientific fact than color of the eyes, hair and skin—vastly more," continued Dr. Blackford.

"I observe that the prevailing type of features among you gentlemen is what science knows as the 'concave type'—prominent forehead at the top, short nose, prominent chin."

I found my hands playing about my face—and looking in embarrassment, I found many of my neighbors doing the same thing! Then I realized that my features were just the opposite—sloping forehead, prominent nose, receding chin. (The convex type, Dr. Blackford called it.)

If I needed any more proof, I got it overwhelmingly when Dr. Blackford asked the audience to choose "subjects" from their fellow-members, invited them to the platform, and after a quick survey of their features told them with startling accuracy what their special capabilities were and where their greatest powers lay.



"And I Am a Blond"

I cannot remember when I have seen a group of men more deeply or more seriously interested.

But Dr. Blackford's revelation of the science of Character Analysis had done more for me perhaps than for any other man in the room.

The next day I got a set of Dr. Blackford's simple lesson's in "Reading Character at Sight," which I learned the Independent Corporation was publishing at a popular price, and it took me just one evening to discover the practical application of all the wonderful things that Dr. Blackford had told us at the meeting of the purchasing agents.

In one week I changed my job. Having "sold myself" on the big secret of my success, I went out and sold goods. I sold in quantities that surprised me. I sold myself to our customers. And, best of all, from a monetary standpoint, I sold myself to my firm.

With the result that, first having achieved the coveted position of sales manager, I am today vice-president of our company.

You see, I am the blond type.

And my features are *convex*.

And if it hadn't been for my chance meeting with Dr. Blackford I would probably still be plugging along at the same old "wrong job"—with a salary check only a fraction of the rather big one that cheers up my bank balance every week in these happy and more prosperous days.

Perhaps you, too, have been jollying yourself about yourself and trying, as I did, to make your success by sheer courage and hard work, instead of analyzing your capabilities and fitting yourself into the kind of work you are naturally best fitted to do.

In that case, I beg of you to get that wonderful course of Dr. K. M. H. Blackford, the leading character analyst in the United States, and join the many thousands who have learned, in an amazingly short time, not only how to size up other people from outward signs, but how to size up one's own character, how to attract the friendship of other people, how best to strive for the success that your ordinary qualifications entitle you to achieve.

DONALD WARWICK.

Dr. Blackford's development and application of the science of Character Analysis has been built on a solid foundation of direct professional study of all kinds of men and women. After years of extensive character work among business concerns, merchants, manufacturers, Chambers of Commerce, and trade associations, which sought assistance in solving human problems, Dr. Blackford made a tripround the world, observing widely different races, comparing notes with leading specialists in forty nations, and comparing theories with such famous authorities as Alfred Haddon, Metchnikoff and Giuseppe Sergi, and studying the exhaustive records of Bertillon. So Dr. Blackford's store of material and ideas in the realm of human relations has become probably the most carefully arranged exhibit of facts on Character Study in the United States.

It is not surprising, therefore, that many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company, and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in this simple seven-lesson course which meant so much to the business career of Donald Warwick. Even a half hour's reading of this remarkable course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's Course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval. Send no money. Merely fill in and mail the coupon. The complete course will go to you instantly, on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit Five Dollars in full payment.

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"One glance at the course was sufficient to tell me that it was exactly what I wanted and had been looking for. . . . In the pages of that course I found myself looking into a clear mirror and saw myself reflected there as I have never seen myself reflected in a material sense. I now know myself for the first time in my life."

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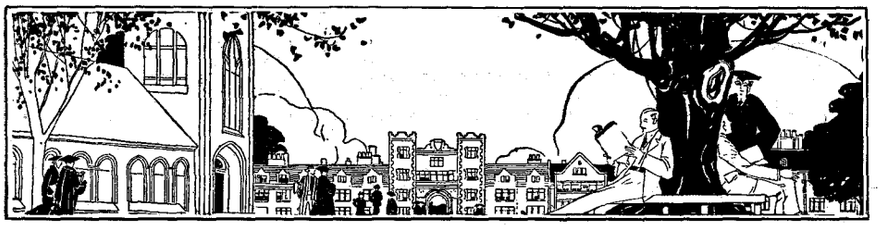

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the nations took the only means available for enforcing the law, namely, self-help and intervention.

It is not enough, however, to have thwarted Germany in her designs. It is necessary—if the public law of nations is to be maintained—as in the case of any other violator of the law, to exact a penalty that will stand as a notice and sign forever that law is a reality and a power in the world.

As the head of the offending state, the former Kaiser is, in the light of the law, the chief, though by no means the only responsible, person to be called to account. If, as Señor Blasco-Ibáñez with fine irony suggests in his article in this issue, Wilhelm should observe the code of the Prussian military officer and take his own life, he would to that extent cheat the law. We hope the world will not hear that pistol shot, for there is something more to be done than to get rid of a troublesome and offensive personality. It is the duty of the free and law-abiding nations of the world to establish the precedent which can best be exemplified in the formal trial of the Kaiser. The Treaty of Versailles arraigns him "for a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties." It would have been better if the Treaty had stated the exact fact—that it was an offense, not merely against international morality, but against international law.

It is well to remember, however, that the offender is not merely an individual, but a nation. Burke's theory that there is no way of indicting a whole people has been disproved in these days. It is, however, physically impossible to bring a whole people bodily to the bar for trial. What can be done is to bring that people's leaders where they can face their accusers and, after conviction, receive their sentences. This war will not be completed—if we can call it a war at all—until those trials are held and until the sentences are pronounced.

CLASSICS AND CULTURE

THE old and ever-interesting question of the value of the classics and of cultural as contrasted with practical education has just been revived through two delightful contributions to the discussion, each laying emphasis on a single phase of classical learning.

The knowledge of our own language, the meaning and the shades of meaning of countless English words as gained through Latin and Greek, is the subject of an article in the current "Atlantic Monthly," by Mr. Frederic Irland, official reporter of debates in the House of Representatives. In a letter to the editor, quoted in the "Atlantic's" "Contributors' Column," Mr. Irland says: "The English language is a garden of glorious hybrid flowers. Nobody objects to the flowers, but there are cutworms who would destroy our knowledge of the roots." In the article itself he supports his contention that "the average high school graduate, who has studied no other language than English, cannot even understand literary English, much less use it" by lists of definitions given by high school pupils (who know not Latin) of words of Latin and Greek origin, the meaning of which should have been evident to any one with a classical training. Thus the word "phenomena" is defined in various ways as a lung disease or bad cold, the confusion with "pneumonia" being evident; "pomp," as a dancing slipper; "parable," as capable of being peeled; "diaphanous," as having to do with the diaphragm; "eugenics," as genius; "paregoric," as a story with a moral; and so on in numerous and amusing examples. The writer affirms that pupils who have studied the classics would not make these mistakes, but gives no confirmatory evidence. He fears that neglect of the old languages is weakening general knowledge of the riches of our flexible tongue.

No doubt there is point, and certainly there is pungency, in his presentation of the philological worth of language study, but its value is not limited to the Latin and Greek; it may be had from modern language study also. It is true that there are some people who take naturally to the form, derivation, and connection of words, while others may dig at Cicero and Virgil industriously with very little residue of word-lore to help them in wielding their own language as an instrument.

Dr. John H. Finley, in an address before the recent meeting of the National Education Association, struck a deeper note in arguing for "The Need of the Classics." He quotes a book on Roman agriculture by a Virginia farmer who is also a railway president as saying that "the Romans achieved their results by thoroughness and patience. . . . The foundation of their agriculture was the *fallow*." In education as in agriculture Dr. Finley sees the value of the fallow field—not the idle field, but one preserved from over-haste in working and well fertilized. "In the war days," says Dr. Finley, "we naturally ignored the *fallow*. We cultivated with Hooverian haste. It was necessary to put our soil in peril of exhaustion even as we put our men in peril of death. Forty million added acres were commandeered, six billion bushels of the leading cereals were added to the annual product of earlier seasons. The land could be let to think only of immediate defense. Crops only could be grown which would help promptly to win the war." But now, in study as well as in farming, he argues, we should plow deep, clear the ground, and strengthen it richly. And the classics, to carry on his analogy, furnish the best plows for mental soil that is not shallow; in short, "there is a time to sow, to sow the seed for the special crop you want; but it is after you have plowed the field. There is a time to specialize, to give the information which the life is to produce in kind; but it is when you have thoroughly prepared the mind by its plowing discipline."

Thus, despite the rush and push of practical training for quick and concrete accomplishment, we find the feeling still strong to-day that the old ways of gaining culture and mental discipline—to say nothing of the charm of association ever present in properly directed intimacy with the literature of the past—are still defended by men of taste and wisdom.

The truth is that both scientific and cultural courses are valuable. The problem is an individual one, related to the purpose and future of the student. It may be met by great universities through furnishing equal facilities and equal thoroughness in both directions, or it may be met by smaller institutions solely adapted to the one or the other need.

THE GREATEST AMERICAN INVENTION

WE of the United States are sometimes humblest about our noblest achievements and braggarts about less worthy ones. Parents and teachers, pastors and publicists, are to-day solicitous about American education, all alike eager to subdue and strait-jacket it to that pitiful dead level called standardization—this American education which by some high and happy hazard has produced a power of initiative and of energy beyond that of any other nation in the world. Better not shackle our schools or our homes, but let them go on with their liberty for incessant experiment, for back of both has been one pervasive but modest influence, one potent but unnoted person. Our armies of the field and our armies of the factory were due both to the American school and to the American home, and yet we have never been proud of the child-training of either. We boast of our electricity, our industry, our inventions, but the greatest thing America has ever produced is the great American "daddy."

"Daddy" is the most influential person we have ever given birth to, and he is also the humblest. He is still pretty young; as a National type he does not belong to the time of our grandfathers—he has only

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just begun to be a grandfather himself. He is found in every class in this country, but he is not found at all in any other country or in any other period. Yet perhaps from time to time there were in the past potential daddies. In mediæval literature it is a daddy's blithe joy in baby play and prattle that a fond and mourning father commemorates in "The Pearl;" and Roman history chronicles another natural-born daddy, for when little Tullia pattered across a tessellated court to greet a father spent with oratory she sprang into the arms of a man quite as clear in severing fatherhood from forum as any American faring home at evening from factory or office.

It has remained, however, for the American daddy to solve the problem of parenthood better than history has ever before solved it, and much better than the mother has yet solved it, although that is hardly her fault, poor thing! There is a subtle division of parental labor and parental privilege implicit in the fact that an American household calls its male head "daddy," while it calls its female head "mother." In the nature of things, mother is a generic term, belonging to every time and country, as static in its implication as it is stanch. Mother is mother all the world over, but daddy, in the American tongue, is a word instantly whimsical with individuality. Daddy, however, is a sad rogue really, walking off with all the poetry of parenthood and leaving the prose to mother. The dentist and the doctor, the teacher and the oculist, are mother's affair; tonsils and adenoids are under maternal management; candy and toys and holidays are the paternal prerogatives. It is not fair, of course, but it will grow fairer as the woman recognizes her equal rights with the man in utter, irresponsible enjoyment of children.

It may be inherent in the laws of nature that mothers cannot enjoy children so much as fathers may. Perhaps a mother cannot sufficiently separate herself from what was once flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone to be able to regard her offspring as separate entities. Yet the consummation of happy irresponsibility is to be recommended as a goal for mothers no less than for fathers. Mothers are prone to an anxious and insistent dominance that involuntarily shapes a child's character into a maternal likeness, eventually entailing upon the mother herself the deadliest ennui rather than the delight due to intercourse with a fresh and independent personality. In spite, however, of the still imperfect evolution of the maternal attitude, the development of parental responsibility is to-day peculiarly promising. What daddy has already accomplished mother will later attain, because the constant attitude of woman toward man's privileges is first to covet, then to appropriate.

One special advantage the present-day father possesses which enables him both to be his son's boon companion and to let his son be his, and that is that to-day old age has become obsolete. Young people now have greater liberty to become enjoyable entities because old people are too busy with their own affairs to bother their children so incessantly as in the days when at fifty the old were laid upon the shelf, where they had nothing whatever to do but cavil at the antics of the oncoming generation. Now that a man goes on experimenting with business or statesmanship until he dies, he has less impulse to live in his son's life, being too much absorbed in his own. In fact, no one who has lived his own life adequately has any desire to live again in another's life. Only those who are feeble and frustrate desire by means of another's existence to right their own mistakes. Any live man or woman prefers to watch while younger folk essay the great adventure each after his own vision. The wise American daddy knows well that discreetly letting his children have their own way is the only means of making them unfailingly entertaining as friends.

Within the last forty years the world has made an incalculable advance in the sheer abandoned joy of intercourse between parents and children, first securely established and made uniform by the one and only American daddy. Little as we have noted the fact, daddy is so far our greatest contribution to the march of civilization.

THE PRESIDENT, THE SENATE, AND THE TREATY

A POLL OF THE PRESS

IF one may judge the sentiment of the country from editorial comment in the newspapers, there is very little question in the minds of Americans about the terms which the Allies have imposed upon Germany. Whatever disposition there is to protest against those terms as too severe, and to ask that the Treaty be rejected on the ground that Germany has been treated cruelly, seems to be confined to certain isolated groups, such as some of the still unreconciled German-Americans, certain so-called radicals of an academic type, and the like. For the most part, whatever discussion there is about the Treaty seems to be devoted mainly to such special provisions as that dealing with Shantung and, most of all, with the Covenant of the League of Nations. There is no evidence of the existence in America of any concern lest the world, and particularly Europe, may not have been sufficiently protected against a still powerful, if temporarily manacled, Prussia. The whole question under general discussion seems to be, on the one hand, whether too great concessions have not been made to the alleged imperialistic designs of our own allies, and, on the other hand, whether the liberty of the United States to determine its own foreign policy has been sufficiently safeguarded.

When, therefore, the President spoke before the Senate, interest centered on these two aspects of his address, and the reception of that address in the papers varies, according to the editors' opinions as to whether Mr. Wilson sufficiently assured the country concerning the non-imperialistic character of the terms of the Treaty and as to the character of the projected League of Nations.

Those who have had doubts about the League and about the nature of the Treaty awaited the President's speech in the frame of mind expressed by the Kansas City "Star," which, in its issue of July 8, before the President spoke, declared:

> The country . . . is eager for all the information it can get. But it may be hoped Mr. Wilson will supply definite information and not generalities. . . . To say, as Mr. Wilson did in Boston, that American soldiers were crusaders and fought as men in a dream, is to be eloquent, but not convincing. The information the country desires is on concrete points of how the Covenant will work. . . . The President, his most earnest supporters will admit, has a love for generalizations and a distaste for concrete details. This order must be reversed if he is to contribute to the National enlightenment. The details of the workings of the League of Nations are the very essence of the Covenant.

Those who awaited the President's speech in this frame of mind generally report that the President did not fulfill the country's expectations. Even a supporter of the Treaty such as the Des Moines "Capital" says about the speech:

> The President's address to Congress was up to his usual standard of eloquence and poetry. . . .
>
> To some practical minds the words "vision," "pathway," and all such are a little tiresome, but they are willing to take it.
>
> The address seems to give evidence that the President is still enthusiastic about what we have accomplished on the other side. . . .
>
> But we regret to feel that there are just as many sources of trouble in

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> Europe to-day as there were a year ago. . . .
>
> No one on this side of the water fully knows or realizes what the League and the Covenant actually contains. . . .
>
> The thing to do is to adopt the Covenant, Treaty and all, and fight the other difficulties out afterwards.

Other newspapers that express their disappointment at the President's generalizations are not so willing to accept the Treaty on trust. The New York "Sun," a consistent and vigorous critic of the President's course in Paris, and particularly of the League of Nations, notes "with pleasure the absence from the President's remarks of that tone of defiance, of uncompromising demand for acquiescence in his personal views, which has characterized some of his previous utterances;" but it describes the speech as what "might have been expected from an impassioned revivalist, and not from a statesman and practical legislator discussing an American question in the American Capitol." The "Sun" adds that "Mr. Wilson's address is conceived throughout precisely as if he had been sent abroad by his country to bring about that revolution in the world's system of government which has been his individual idea, his self-determined purpose, and his self-appointed task."

Supporters of the President and earnest advocates of the League may resent some of the comment upon the President's speech, as opponents of the League resent some of the comments upon the League's critics in the Senate. No one, however, can very well resent a piece of such good-humored comment as Don Marquis makes in his "colyum," the "Sun Dial," in the New York "Evening Sun." He has some verses about the President's speech and its reception in the Senate, based on the President's question concerning the League, "Dare we reject it and break the heart of the world?" It is a series of four stanzas, each followed by a chorus. The chorus after the first stanza represents the President as saying:

> "O sign my League! O sign my League!
> The world's heart it will break!
> O sign my League! O sign my League!
> for Home and Mother's sake!
> O sign my League! O sign my League!
> the Wee Tots lisp to thee!
> And Angel Voices plead to sign
> and save Humanity!"

Then "wicked Cabot Lodge" replies for the bold and bad Senate, and this is his version of the chorus:

> "I will not sign! I will not sign! The
> world's heart it can break!
> I will not sign! I will not sign! for
> Home nor Mother's sake!
> I will not sign! I will not sign!
> though Wee Tots lisp to me,
> Though Angel Voices plead to sign
> and save Humanity!"

Appearing to many as an appeal to sentimentalism rather than to reason, a skillful employment of the art of rhetoric to enlist the idealism of the American people on behalf of the Covenant without any encumbrances of fact, the President's speech is almost everywhere praised as a piece of English. Thus the Chicago "Daily Tribune" refers to "the spell of his eloquence," and declares that his address "is especially moving with reference to that clean and valorous achievement with which our soldiers and sailors thrilled our National heart." But the same journal is also impressed with the tendency of Mr. Wilson to use "liberal poetic license," and thus comments upon the President's preceding speech in New York:

> Mr. Wilson's latest remarks must be taken purely as poetry. . . . Let us quote:
>
> "It [his homesickness] was still more softened by the pride that I had in discovering that America had at last convinced the world of her true character. I was welcome because they had seen with their own eyes what America had done for the world. They had deemed her selfish. They had deemed her devoted to material interests. And they had seen her boys come across the water with a vision even more beautiful than that which they conceived when they had entertained dreams of liberty and peace."
>
> If the President is about to try to sing the American people into a dreamland of that sort, sane men must indeed combat him promptly and vigorously.

The Wisconsin "State Journal" comments upon the Chicago "Tribune's" remarks by saying of the New York speech:

> As poetry it is poor enough, but as a statement of what most of the American Army and Nation believed they were fighting for it comes "much closer" to literal truth than anything we recall in the Chicago "Tribune's" war editorial matter.

Most defenders of the President, like the Wisconsin "State Journal," follow the principle that the best defense is an offensive. Thus the Louisville "Courier-Journal" speaks of the "twaddle and cant" in the Senate; and the Atlanta "Constitution" defends the League by calling its opponents in the Senate "recalcitrants, political buzzards, and partisan mountebanks," and attributes criticism of it to partisan motives by saying:

> There is opposition to it in the United States Senate, and it will continue as long as it can harass the President and the Democratic Administration or disturb the political sentiment of the country.

The New York "World," which among newspapers has been the most consistent and vigorous defender of the President's policies, so that it has sometimes been called the mouthpiece of the Administration, describes the President's address to the Senate as a "call to duty." It says:

> Mr. Wilson has never been more felicitous in any of his public utterances than he was yesterday when he explained the stupendous difficulties with which the Paris Conference had been compelled to grapple in rebuilding the peace of the world, and the reasons why it had been found imperative to make the League of Nations the keystone of the structure. . . .
>
> The President's address is more than a plea for the Treaty and the League. It is a call to duty no less imperative than that which he made to Congress on April 2, 1917, when the United States was summoned to war "for the things that we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

The "World" in another editorial likens the opposition to the Versailles Treaty to the opposition, as described by Hamilton, to the Jay Treaty; and denounces still later the Republicans in the Senate by ascribing to them a trivial purpose, saying:

> Some of the opposition Senators seem to think that "reservations" is a blessed word like Mesopotamia, and that it makes no difference in particular what the reservations are, provided the Senate asserts its power and tinkers the Treaty.

The New York "Sun" is not at all troubled by the argument that any reservations may require the sending of the Treaty back to the Peace Conference. There is a good deal of doubt in the minds of critics of the Treaty whether that would be necessary; but the "Sun," saying that the conviction strengthens day by day that after reservations are added the Covenant will go before the Peace Conference again, exclaims:

> All the better if it does.
>
> What the American people know they are going to do and are not going to do after the Treaty ratifying and the League tinkering are over should also be unmistakably clear to all the world now as well as later.

If reservations are made, the New York "Tribune," which advocates ratification with reservations, believes that other nations will not object.

In commenting upon the President's speech some newspapers take the occasion to explain in their own terms the nature of the Treaty, and particularly of the League. Thus, in commending the President's speech, the Grand Rapids "News" declares of the Covenant of the League of Nations that "it is a big, vital, throbbing, momentous instrument, fearfully powerful for good or for evil, pregnant with hopes." And then more specifically adds:

> Throughout its long history Europe has known only force. . . . Force, and force only, can dominate the people over there now. And it is force in the supreme that is latent in the League of Nations. . . .
>
> But the League of Nations, powerful as it is or can be, is a different force from any that ever exercised authority in Europe. It is a force not to hold men in thralldom, but to set them free.

In the midst of rather a good deal of bitter or acid controversy it is refreshing to find comment such as the following from the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch," which is as strong an advocate of the League and of the President's policies as the New York "World" is, and owes its

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existence to the founder of the "World," Joseph Pulitzer. Its remarks might apply to the political discussion of other subjects as well as to that of the League and of the Treaty. The "Post-Dispatch" says:

> Although some of the leaders of the opposition are moved by unworthy motives, it would be a gross blunder to assume that all doubts and fears are based upon unworthy motives. There are thousands who have genuine doubts and fears and who do not understand.
>
> Sincere doubters must be handled with sympathy and courtesy. Sincere questions must be answered with friendly reasoning. We believe that a great, an overwhelming, majority of the people want the League, but in this crisis, when peace and prosperity and even civilization hang in the balance, no arrogant mistakes should be made. Let the opposition do the blundering.

A WONDERFUL DINNER

A distinguished and influential citizen of New York who desires that his name shall not be mentioned has given us, at our request, the following account of a recent after-the-war experience. In these days when all thoughtful Americans are anxious and troubled about the vast and complicated problems, political, economic, and human, that have arisen out of the war, such an experience as here related strengthens the hope and stirs the reasonable optimism with which every one of us must enter upon the task of reconstruction.—THE EDITORS.

I WAS honored by an invitation to dinner lately. My hosts were the officers and men of a company of infantry of a famous New York regiment lately demobilized.

It was not a charitable affair. After a long service overseas the company's fund had something left over, and so the company voted itself a farewell dinner in a large New York hotel.

Officers and men came on time to the rendezvous and almost at the appointed hour we sat down.

Some were in uniform, more in mufti. There were two other civilians present besides myself. One of these had lost his son, killed in action, a lieutenant in the company; the other had devoted his energies to keeping together during the war wives, parents, and friends of the boys who had gone overseas. My son had captained the company during the days of its fiercest fighting in the Argonne, and had turned over his command when severely wounded. I was an outsider, of course, yet long residence in New York and an intimate knowledge of its East Side had given me more than a fair knowledge of the material of which this band of men was composed.

Men demobilized in New York scatter quickly, and it said much for the strength of the new tie that a common cause and a common danger had created that over one hundred men of that company and all of its officers that remained alive gathered round the table for their farewell to each other that night.

As I looked down the long table something of the wonder of that gathering, something of its immense significance, came to me. As the evening passed (we met at 7:30 and did not separate until after midnight) this feeling deepened. Less than two years before I had seen these very men taken almost without notice or warning out of the great city's life of which they were a part.

Raw and most unwarlike were they then, many of them understanding little of the great world movement that was laying such violent hands on their bodies and their souls; some of them not wanting to understand it, only going to Camp Upton because they had to go. Some were American in name only, some were not even American in name, and many of them could not speak English.

The company officers on whose young shoulders had descended the extraordinarily difficult task of making soldiers of them were most of them Plattsburg men. They brought little military experience to their task, it is true, but, in my judgment, they had brought something more than that. Generally speaking, they were men of some culture. Good schools and universities had given them some knowledge of men, and very many of them had already won a moderate success in the profession of life.

Our hastily raised Army had, of necessity, to be a democratic army. The iron discipline of an army taking years to train could not be given it. It might be lacking in many things that the professional soldier considers indispensable. But three things it had to have if it was to win at all—a fighting spirit, confidence in itself, and belief in its good cause.

Could volunteer Plattsburg men do this great work for drafted New York? Could they infuse into thousands of men who had to have even the word of command translated to them these three great essential things that should spell victory for the cause of mankind on the long-contested battlefields of France and Flanders?

I spent some unforgetable days shortly after we declared war with Colonel Wolf, Commandant at Plattsburg. I saw and had the high honor of speaking to the two most wonderful bodies of young men any man ever faced in this country. I felt their spirit, I realized their mighty power. I knew then that America could draw from her sons officers capable of training and inspiring in peace and leading in war her democratic millions of drafted men.

This was Colonel Wolf's conviction, and he was right. But let me get back to our dinner.

The last gathering of men who had trained, toiled, suffered, died, and conquered together, army dicipline for them was now over, many were already back in civilian life, but few were in uniform, and every man there might say his say; and say it they did, not officers only, but non-coms. and buck privates. They had a right good dinner, and plenty of tobacco and light beer were on hand. The bars were down, and it was time for joke and story and song.

As the evening grew later, my amazement grew. Many a dinner had I been at in my varied life and in a good many lands—college dinners, racing dinners, club dinners, dinners of all sorts. If at such gatherings here and there a man drank too much and showed it or told a questionable story, if now and then there was noisy talk, no one resented it, no one was surprised. But here at this company dinner of disbanded soldiers there was nothing of the sort. I speak the simple truth, amazing as it is. Not one vulgar story (and scores of most excellent stories were told). Not one unkind story, though there were plentiful jokes on men by officers and on officers by men.

I had thought that such things might be, but as I sat there and tried to realize what was passing before me I found it hard to keep the tears from my eyes. I was seeing the actuality of human brotherhood, born and grown to power and high efficiency, finding its fine selfhood in unselfish service for men.

The hour was growing late. Officers had praised men and men had chaffed and praised their officers and each other. There had been wit a plenty, and the brave fellows left under the sod in France had not been forgotten.

Some had to go far that night. The company had to do what it had never done in France—break up.

A big fellow who had not spoken during the evening raised himself up at the foot of the table. He leaned on his crutches, for he had lost a leg at the hip, and one side of his face was still covered with plaster.

"I've got to get back to the hospital," said he, "but before I go I want to say something. When I was drafted and went to Upton, I could not say one word of English and I was only twenty-five per cent American. I have lost a leg and part of my face, and my people say I have lost a lot, but I do not say so. I have gained a lot. I am glad I went to the war. I am one hundred per cent American now."

And so came to an end a wonderful evening. The boys themselves could not realize how wonderful it was, but to me it seemed the greatest dinner I had ever attended in my life.

There are new tasks awaiting us, new and great problems to solve, but surely a loving God has given to us a new power and a new unity with which to meet and conquer them. Of this I felt sure as I went to my hotel that night.

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FIRE OF LIFE

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Let us sit here, side by side
Underneath this ancient tree:—
You, who say, "The flame has died;"
I, who burn eternally.

Let us reason out the way
And the road that we must tread.
It is still too soon to say,
"Life is over, love is dead."

Still too soon while you and I
Dream of deathless dreams and know
Sunlight, starlight, in the sky;
And on earth, all things that grow.

Look, your hand is close to mine
And the tendrils of your hair
Touch me like a fragrant vine
Stirring in the silent air.

So I sat here, close to you,
On that day the vision came
And the world that once we knew
Vanished into sudden flame.

I have kept the vision clear
Hour by hour, and day by day.
You who sit beside me here
Shall not, dare not, drift away.

Child and woman, wistful-eyed,
If you cannot bear to smile,
You, who say, "The flame has died;"
Take my hand and weep a while.

Weep, and let the cleansing rain
All this age-old doubt dispel.
Love is always kin to pain,
Heaven neighbor unto hell.

JOYCE KILMER, POET AND PATRIOT

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY

AUTHOR OF "THE POETS' CHANTRY," ETC.

JUST one year ago this July, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer was shot through the brain as he pressed ahead of his regiment, the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth," of New York, to locate German machine guns hidden in a copse beside the river Ourcq. His act won him, posthumously, the Croix de Guerre. But it won his compatriots a far greater thing—a concrete symbol of all that efficient, *practical idealism* which is perhaps the dearest dream of our democracy. The memory of this young poet-patriot of our latter days fathers one more legend to set beside the bright records of Rupert Brooke, of John McCrea or Charles Péguy, a legend which Americans are proud to own and will be slow to forget.

One wondered at the time if that keen sense of personal loss among the greatest variety of people—scattered youths who had known him at college, newspaper men who were in the habit of borrowing tobacco at his office in the New York "Times," priests, soldiers who had fought at his side, as well as the men and women who count in literature on both of the Atlantic—could prove the permanent, lasting judgment. For, after all, this young heroic figure had not yet reached his thirty-second birthday, and the world was struggling through one of the most momentous years in its entire history. But it has lasted. It has endured through all the stupendous issues of life and death and war and peace and reconstruction. For Joyce Kilmer was not, as sometimes happens, a poet in spite of his life, nor even a poet for whose life any excuse had to be made. He never wished, in fact, nor was able to separate his life from his poetry. That is why when the hour of national hazard fell he saw with so uncompromising a clearness the one sun-smitten path: "It is wrong for a poet to be listening to elevated trains when there are screaming shells to hear, and to be sleeping soft in a bed when there's a cot in a dugout awaiting him and the bright face of danger to dream about and see." Perhaps, also, that is why the passing of this American singer is now soberly reckoned among the great losses to literature of a war which in all the older countries was so inevitably fatal to the young, eager spirits of art. For our own country it was emphatically the greatest literary loss suffered in that brief crusade overseas.

Before those ten stressful months with our Expeditionary Forces, Joyce Kilmer had proved himself, not merely one of the foremost lyrists and most versatile newspapermen of the United States, but also a man who was helping to define the highest ideals of Americanism. He was of those who asked much of life; and, as usual, life was quick to return the compliment. Born in New Brunswick, December 6, 1886, of a family claiming English, Irish, and Scotch descent, and still, in the words of his literary executor, boasting "a Colonial Dame on both sides," Joyce lived through most phases of contemporary American thought, adding a few distinctly contributory phases of his own. He had, of course, his young romance—a quite idyllic one, which culminated in his marriage to Miss Aline Murray, a stepdaughter of Dr. Henry Mills Alden, as soon as he was graduated from Columbia University. The matter of a career which then imperiously faced him he took less as a battle to be fought than as a game to be won—a vastly interesting, delightfully intricate game, to be played always with sportsmanlike rules and usually with sportsmanlike raillery. Joyce—he was always that, and that only, to his friends—was not timid of experiments. By the time he was twenty-five he had exercised his versatilities as a Latin master, a maker of dictionaries, a poet of love's blossomy summer, a lay reader in the Episcopal Church, a hot and talkative Socialist, an all-round newspaper man, and a rather superior and sophisticated literary æsthete.

From the year 1912 he began to find himself—not that so blithely responsive a nature as his could ever be described as really "settled." At this time he joined the staff of the New York "Times" and began that series of brilliant reviews and interviews which quickly revealed to American readers a new man of letters. The next spring brought one of the great sorrows of Joyce Kilmer's life, when the touch of infantile paralysis blighted the body of his little much-loved daughter, Rose. A few months later he laid forcible claim to what proved one of his most permanent joys. For it was then that he entered, with all of a convert's zeal but none of a convert's crudity, that old, old Catholic Church—so mystical at once and so practical!—to which he ever after gave a young and proud allegiance. "If what I write nowadays is considered poetry," he declared in one of his last letters written from France, "then I became a poet in November, 1913." That is to say, he became then the greatest American representative of that little band of "modern mediævalists" which on the other side of the Atlantic included the Chestertons, Hilaire Belloc, and a group of younger singers—all sworn to recapture something of the robust faith, the fine fervor, and heroic folly of Merrie England. But he was much more than this.

Popular judgment has singled out Kilmer as a poet of the ideal realities of life, and popular judgment has been, in the main, right. The ideal realities were

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his goal; and he showed the most astonishing *verve* in tracking them into unexpected corners. He celebrated (upon a wager!) the hidden glories of the delicatessen shop. He immortalized the sleepy and apologetic commuter. He found the pathos of "The House With Nobody In It," the proud poetry of "The Snow Man in the Yard," the tender and humorous poignancy of Dave Lilly's bibulous ghost swinging his shadowy line after phantom trout. All these colloquial notes he struck with enormous felicity—and consequent popularity. He had, in fact, the most ideal reasons for keeping close to the great humble, loving heart, not merely of America, but of the whole world. He wanted to show forth the glory of the simple, universal things which he had found after no little trying out of the more complex and exotic things. Myriads of poets had sung the praise of childhood, but here was one who had the courage to sing the praise of marriage and of home, the joys of daily work and daily faith in God and man. For a while, indeed, Joyce became almost radical in his ferocious conservatism.

But every one who knew his essays or his inimitable conversation must have been aware that here was a critic of broad knowledge and exuberant humor. He was far less easily satisfied than were his readers, and not at all content to remain, as many of them would have had him, merely a "familiar" or "domestic" laureate. Perhaps the first hint of that larger immortality in store for the young Kilmer was the title poem of his volume called "Trees," published in 1914. That sunny and singing lyric achieved the distinction of being almost universally memorized, and it is already accepted as one of the classics of American poetry. There were other things to warn the elect that here was a new aspirant for the Siege Perilous of high poetry—arrestingly fine things, like that vision in a brief Christmas poem which pictured the clouds rocked with song—

> "As if the sky were turning bird."

Over and above this, it became suddenly evident that into the much-abused field of religious poetry Joyce Kilmer was bringing an inspired passion and—actually!—originality. A new, or rather a very ancient and almost forgotten, fragrance hung about his half-playful, half-serious songs of the star-crowned Virgin, of St. Michael, "the thorn on the rose-bush of God," and of St. Valentine, whom he celebrated in a most ingenious bit of *vers libre*. He sang ballads, too, with the tender familiarity of the Middle Age jongleur about them, and the wistful brotherhood of our modern age. Here is a fragment from that deliciously naïve "Gates and Doors:"

> "There was a gentle hostler
> (And blessèd be his name!)
> He opened up the stable
> The night Our Lady came.
> Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
> He gave them food and bed,
> And Jesus Christ has given him
> A glory round his head.
>
> *So let the gate swing open*
> *However poor the yard,*
> *Lest weary people visit you*
> *And find their passage barred:*
> *Unlatch the door at midnight*
> *And let your lantern's glow*
> *Shine out to guide the traveler's feet*
> *To you across the snow.*"

Joyce Kilmer was a good worker, a good player, and a good fighter at times, but his sympathy was—for a man—phenomenal. He hated scarcely anything in the world except respectable hypocrites and those decadent rhymesters, "so mildly, delicately vile," who, in his opinion, brought poetry into disrepute among honest men. For the rest he was the kindest of critics, lavish, even sumptuous of praise wherever he detected real poetic sincerity. His office at the "Times" was crowded with literary aspirants, both old and young, his desk stacked with letters seeking advice or encouragement. "No poet has any right in the world to knock the work of another poet who is honest," he once declared. And this sympathy, this broad and human idealism, was foreordained to spring up like a flame at the call of an outraged world. Joyce saw something of the war at first hand when in the autumn of 1914 he went to England to bring his mother safely back to the States. But it was probably not until after the Lusitania tragedy—which he commemorated in his haunting poem, "The White Ships and the Red"—that the call became personal and not to be gainsaid.

There was a gasp of surprise in literary circles when, almost immediately after the United States declared war in the spring of 1917, Joyce Kilmer began drilling with the Seventh Regiment of New York. But when a few months later he had himself transferred to the 165th Infantry (the old Sixty-ninth of New York) and sailed for France as a private because he was unwilling to lose precious time studying to be "an officer in charge of conscripts," surprise was swallowed up in the heroic and wholly Kilmerian rightness of the thing. It was not that he was a headlong enthusiast, quick on the trigger, not counting the cost. He had small opinion of "blind courage" and had just told a group of college boys that "only an enlightened man and only a good man can be brave." Over and above this he was an enormously efficient person—he had to be with that young, quickly growing family in the Larchmont home!—and at this time he was easily doing three men's work. But it was his strength, and not less his good fortune, that the business of life never drove the dream from his heart. He loved the fighting saints and the fighting poets, and years earlier he had sung the praise of that divine and healing "Folly" which our modern world was said to have forgotten:

> "Lord, crush our knowledge utterly
> And make us humble, simple men,
> And cleansed of wisdom, let us see
> Our Lady Folly's face again."

So when America started upon the supreme crusade of the twentieth century, Joyce Kilmer was willing to pay any price to claim his part in winning it. Being, as we have said, a *practical idealist*, he saw no other way but to resign his editorial work, cancel his lecture engagements, leave his last book of poems in press, and bid farewell to his wife, to the little children (Kenton, Deborah, Michael, and Christopher), and to the friends he knew so well how to love. It was one of the finest examples in American letters of what Henry Arthur Jones once called "the madness which keeps the world alive."

All Joyce Kilmer's life was a pressing toward the deeper seas, the more distant horizons, and in France he had but one goal—the front. He frustrated every effort of the regimental authorities to keep him in the reasonably safe, although far from bomb-proof, duties of the statistical department, finally getting himself transferred to the intelligence section, which, as he declared, was "the most fascinating work possible." As he was on "*observation*" duty, it was also the most dangerous work possible, and eventually, of course, the work which cost his life. When he left New York, he had naturally expected to keep on writing from time to time, and among other things had promised a history of his own regiment. But he soon became too absorbed and shaken by the new life to think of this. He was not interested any more in writing, he wrote to his friend "Bob" Holliday, "except in so far as writing is the expression of something beautiful." And the poems among which he now lived were mostly "unwritten and undiscussed." But out of the crowded drama of his daily life there came at least four works of art. One of them was that tender and dramatic sketch of a night's billet in the home of a French peasant woman called "Holy Ireland." The other three were poems—poems of the moment, with the poignancy of heart-beats through them, yet all poems which seem likely to fulfill the soldier's wish that he might write about the great war only such things as people would want to read "a century after it is over."

Placed beside the sublimated "bluff," the careful cheerfulness, of his letters home, these verses are an inexhaustible commentary upon the real Joyce Kilmer. He lived through the cold and hunger, the almost inevitable touch of pneumonia, the long marches of that first winter of our troops in France—and out of it all came that "Prayer of a Soldier," which has the indomitable sweetness and simplicity of an early Christian martyr:

> "My shoulders ache beneath my pack
> (Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).
> I march with feet that burn and smart
> (Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).
> Men shout at me who may not speak
> (They scourged Thy back and smote
> Thy cheek).
> . . . . . .
> Lord, thou didst suffer more for me
> Than all the hosts of land and sea.
> So let me render back again
> This millionth of Thy gift. Amen."

Then he went on duty in a dugout, where a group of his young brother sol-

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diers were suddenly killed by the explosion of a falling shell. And in their memory he wrote that song of "Rouge Bouquet," whose music was known and treasured by thousands of our "doughboys" before ever it reached the literary critics or was declared one of the best poems of his career. And, finally, while his nights were being spent crawling through the barbed wire of No Man's Land on observation work for the Intelligence Section, the poet-patriot sent home a sonnet called the "The Peacemaker:"

"Upon his will he binds a radiant chain,
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
It is his task, the slave of Liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease, he yields his flesh to pain.
To banish war he must a warrior be.
He dwells in Night, eternal Dawn to see,
And gladly dies, abundant life to gain."

Just a few weeks later, on the morning of July 30, 1918, Sergeant Kilmer voluntarily undertook a piece of work which he and those in command knew to mean certain death. And before nightfall his silence had sung the greatest song of all.

It is a hard thing for civilized man to live through bitter and unbelievable scenes without becoming bitter and unbelieving. The verses of many a young British soldier recently at the front—Lieutenant Nichols and his friends Siegried Sassoon and "Bobby" Graves, for instance—have shown how hard. But Joyce Kilmer kept unshaken and unshakable that bright "sanity" and "faith" which he was always praising in the brave French people around him. He believed in very might and deed that he and the men fighting at his side were *peacemakers*—that "by new and bloody paths" the world was coming again "upon the old road to paradise." Up this steep road he himself charged in the vanguard. He did not lose, but gave, his life.

THE HERMIT OF AMERONGEN

BY VICENTE BLASCO-IBÁÑEZ

AUTHOR OF "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE," "THE SHADOW OF THE CATHEDRAL," ETC.

EUROPE has been so absorbed in the problems of peace that she has forgotten the chief offender of the war.

The fugitive Kaiser lives tranquilly in a castle in Holland, and only now and then do the newspapers mention this sorry personage, whom we may style "the hermit of Amerongen."

One can understand how those who have seen the war from a distance and know its horrors only by hearsay are not greatly interested in the fate of the most sinister figure of the war. But we who have seen his work close at hand, the greatest mass of atrocities since the ravages of Attila, cannot quietly endure seeing the deviser and executor of these crimes live like a middle-class gentleman spending his summer in the country, suffering no other punishment than his own rage at the loss of his huge, absurd power and at his shameful flight.

I have a right to speak of this man with complete liberty. I never believed in him. I always feared that his theatrical poses and his pedantries, the result of superficial learning, would wind up in a tragic fashion for the world. Twenty years ago, when so many gullible persons were hailing him as the superman, I had the honor to be arrested and prosecuted in Spain (at the instigation of the German Ambassador, no doubt) for an article in which I compared him to Nero. Since then I have spoken of him in a similar vein in several of my novels. My ideas have changed somewhat since then, and I must ask Nero's pardon for having compared him with William II. Nero confined himself to burning a few sections of just one city, and besides he knew how to die.

Almost as irritating as the atrocities of the war is the boundless admiration which just six years ago the general public felt for this chatterbox, so devoted to speechmaking, to toasts, and to sermons, who participated with godlike self-sufficiency in all the branches of human activity. Strategist, seaman, financier, business man, farmer, musician, poet, painter, sculptor, there was neither science, art, nor profession in which he did not long to be leader. His is the agile, simian ability of an actor who can, with the aid of costumes, wigs, and makeup, outwardly imitate all types. But it is not the actor who puts the soul into the characters; it is the poet who talks through their mouths.

William is a man of appearances. Garrulous, nervous, he touches upon everything with the flightiness of an unbalanced person endowed with a vivid imagination. But he never passes beneath the surface of things; there is not a single subject that he knows even halfway.

For thirty years he paraded before the world as the perfect man of war, directing maneuvers that made old strategists smile discreetly, terrifying the world with his ominous frown and his bragging. And when the decisive moment arrived his generals passed him about from one to another like a ball; nobody wanted him near, for fear of his absurd counsels and his wild projects that amounted to orders. Moreover, his army was a heritage; Moltke and Roon had given it to him; he had only enlarged and perfected it, like a young capitalist who rounds out the fortune his father and grandfather began as poor men.

But the navy was his creation. There is no disputing that. It was he who exclaimed, "Germany's future lies upon the water." No doubt he had numerous collaborators of more ability than he, but we will pay no attention to this. Let us grant that he was able to squeeze the second greatest fleet of the world out of his country in a few years. He deserves to have his paternity recognized, for the creator is worthy of his work. In its future writings history will be at a loss to know which was more cowardly and which ended in a more shameful manner, the German fleet or the sovereign who created it. Throughout the war the huge German ships stayed hidden in port, protected by nets and mines, like an ostrich that buries its head in the sand to avoid seeing its dangers. And finally they surrendered without the least struggle, with a lack of dignity that offended the professional pride of the Allied sailors intrusted with taking them prisoners.

The only active part of this navy of William II's was the submarine, against unarmed or careless boats, killing with certainty and without danger, like an assassin who lies in wait for a victim that he knows cannot return the attack.

"But there is his work of peace," some say. "The development of the commerce, industry, and education that has taken place in Germany during his reign."

I recognize this, too, as an indisputable fact. But it is one more plagiarism of this dilettante who has spent his life imitating others, and then presenting his imitations as pure German discoveries.

The only thing original and sincere about him is his mediæval personality, his romantic mystic mentality which makes him consider himself the favorite child of the heavens. God, according to him, is interested only in the prosperity of the Hohenzollern family, and in that of Germany by consequence of her having the honor to be ruled by them. All his words and his acts have been in accord with this belief. There could be no simpler conception of humanity than his: all the world subject to Germany is "the salt of the earth;" Germany subject to the Junkers and the innumerable princelings, and above this haughty, proud nobility himself as Sovereign Lord.

Warrior and Christian like Lohengrin, bloody and religious like the ancient tribal heads, in his philosophic moments he gave vent to the most inexplicable incoherencies. We will pass over his evangelical exhortation to the troops that went

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to China to repeat the barbarisms of Attila. After the Russo-Japanese War he harangued his soldiers thus: "If the Japanese, who are idolators, have defeated the Russians, who are Christians, this is due to the fact that the Japanese, even though they believe in Buddha, are true Christians because they are good soldiers." All the world has believed that if the Christian doctrine really ruled the earth there would be no soldiers. Why does a doctrine of peace and brotherhood among men need soldiers? But William saw things in a different light. Only soldiers are Christians, and what he understands by soldier and how he describes it is well known from another of his discourses: "An automaton, obedient to his king, who, if necessary, should, without vacillating, fire upon his parents and his brothers."

Because he was the grandson, he compared his glorious grandfather (who was nothing but a little soldier, pushed on to success by Bismarck) with Moses, Abraham, Homer, Charlemagne, Luther, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Kant. And, as this seemed but slight praise, he added that if William I had been born in the Middle Ages they would have canonized him.

This man, with his psychology of a mystic and his romantic ideas, has been at the same time, by reason of his Protean character, his desire to have his fingers in every pie, a man of his epoch. This figure of the Nibelungen, living out of date in the twentieth century, had the gift of imitation and falsification that characterizes the unbalanced.

He saw that there existed in the world a nation far greater and more powerful than his own, which ruled the earth peacefully through its industry and its wealth, almost without soldiers, and without imposition of any sort. This was the United States. And he copied its industry, its commerce, and its supposed system of advertisement. All the development of Germany, so rapid and so noisy, is only Americanism falsified in German style.

In the same way that an author can file suit for plagiarism against one who copies his works, the United States should have sued William and his collaborators for infringement of author's rights; with the added claim that they not only stole the work, but that they disfigured and spoiled it.

I have often grown indignant at certain short-sighted people of Europe, who can appreciate only immediate values, who admired the progress of the German Empire as something very original and peculiarly German.

"But all this is only a bad translation from the American," I exclaimed, knowing the original through books and magazines.

The pirates and merchants of Hamburg and Bremen, the councilors of William II, were men who had lived and worked in the United States, who reproduced after their own fashion what they had seen across the ocean.

Germany's banking system, her commerce, the productive organization of her industry, all were copied from the American—but without the American spirit.

The Germans plagiarized the material, exterior side of things, but they took good care not to imitate the spirit of freedom and democracy.

The omnipotent "War Lord" who spoke of *my* army, *my* navy, *my* commerce, *my* industry, wanted to add *my* schools and *my* universities. He never could endure Haeckel or Ostwald, the two best-known German scientists, because of their irreligiousness. He showed his displeasure toward certain theaters because they produced works of Hauptmann, the most famous contemporary dramatist of Germany. He abominated the painters and sculptors of his country whose merits were recognized by other nations. On the other hand, he conferred honors and pensions on a series of second-rate, flexible-spined men of learning, mediocre writers, commonplace artists, who were in perfect harmony with his æsthetic and philosophic ideas.

This man has deceived us all in a shocking fashion. Deceived is putting it mildly; he has robbed us of the peculiar estimation in which we held him; he has swindled us in the only line of credit he ever had.

I never thought he would be a hero. But, accustomed as I was to seeing him with his martial mustache, his paralyzed hand on the hilt of his sword, and to reading his bellicose proclamations, in which he threatened the whole world with his "mailed fist" or spoke of "the dry powder and the sharpened sword," I finally imaged him as a perfect lieutenant who had continued in his juvenile rank almost to his sixties; one of those professional lieutenants of Europe, petulant boys, insufferable, to be sure, but with a certain chivalrous conception of their profession and of the obligations it imposes. I thought of him as the sort of lieutenant who when he enters a room looks past all the men, makes love to all the women, talks on every subject, imposes his opinions, plays the piano, recites poetry—does everything badly—shows a ridiculous self-sufficiency, but to whom no one dares to say anything for fear of provoking a duel. This somewhat absurd, completely intolerable being has nevertheless one moment in his life in which he commands respect. If there has been any offense to his honor that might lower him in the eyes of his comrades, if he has fallen short in any of his professional obligations, he settles the matter by putting a revolver to his forehead and pulling the trigger.

Throughout the war I did not doubt for a moment William's ultimate defeat, and I said, in all good faith: "I know my lieutenant. He will not see the final disaster of his Empire. When he sees that all is lost, he will get out of the tight place like any desperate man of honor. He will shoot himself."

Although I never believed in him, I recognized the sense of honor which even the lowest officer possesses—the courage of even the most timid peaceful man in life's crises.

The poor ship captain, when he sees his boat lost through fault of his, goes down with it, not wishing to outlive his disgrace. Many merchants, faced by ruin, take refuge in suicide. There have even been architects who have killed themselves over the collapse of one of their buildings.

I know perfectly well that dying does not help any, that suicide proves nothing; but we do so many things in our lives that are of no use, and yet are so worthy and so beautiful. The men or women who kill themselves for love may be, in the eyes of rational beings, idiots, but without them so many poems, so many novels, so many plays, which now enrich our universal literature would have gone unwritten!

I am still hoping to hear the pistol shot of this hero who for thirty years made us tremble with his roars.

The father of a family, he had himself photographed with his six sons, and even with his daughter, all dressed in the uniform of the Death's Head Hussars, in fur caps decorated with a skull and crossbones. Of this gruesome family, which delighted in getting itself up in sepulchral adornments, not a single one has been scratched. All are enjoying perfect health.

The Emperor who bears upon his conscience the burden of ten million corpses buried on the battlefield and of fifteen or twenty million who have died or will die as a consequence of the war wants to live to an old age; it annoys him to think of the shock on his august skull of one of those bits of lead that during these four years he has scattered like an endless flood upon the battlefields of Europe: he prefers to fall a victim to microbes at the latest possible moment, like a peaceful, quiet citizen who never harmed a soul and who takes scrupulous care of his health.

He might, in keeping with his past and his tragedy airs, have perished in the last battle in France, charging, for the first and only time in his life, at the head of one of the regiments of the Imperial Guard. Every general has at some time been under fire—all except him. But he found it more to his liking to escape like a defaulting banker with the police at his heels.

In this shameful termination of a militaristic empire only one man showed honor and dignity, and he wore neither sword nor uniform. There was only one who had the courage to commit suicide, unable to outlive his country's disaster: a business man, a Jew—Ballin, the ship-owner, of Hamburg.

All the German generals, those thunderbolt heroes in favorable moments, after burning and bombarding cities and assuring the world that overcoming the Allies was a matter of weeks, have quietly retired to their castles to raise chickens,

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or sport with their dogs, or, perhaps, to write their memoirs.

This is something new in history. Never has there been seen so lamentable an absence of professional honor, such a demonstration of brazen shamelessness.

Napoleon, who in the number of his victims is comparable with William II (but who inherited nothing and who built up everything himself, who had the vision of a leader, and who knew, when necessary, how to risk his life), behaved differently in the hour of misfortune. In one of his last battles, seeing that all was lost, he stationed his mount over a bomb which, by chance, failed to explode. Later, in Fontainebleau, before signing his abdication, he tried to poison himself, and it was only by dint of great exertions that he was saved. On the eve of Waterloo the fugitives overwhelmed him and dragged him along with them as he was walking, like a somnambulist, toward the enemies' lines that they might kill him. Only at the end did he desist from his attempts at suicide, convinced, by a sort of fatalism, that death would not come to him, since he had called to it again and again in vain. And his nephew, Napoleon III, who was only a pale shadow of him, also knew how to fall with dignity. Zola has described him in that awful day of Sedan riding slowly down a highway raked by artillery fire. He was hoping that a shell would shatter him into bits, saving him the shame of witnessing the surrender. But the projectiles respected his life, and, sick and discouraged, he pursued his destiny. He might have fled. Whole battalions took refuge from Sedan in Belgium. But this ruler wished to share the fate of his comrades, and he gave himself up as a prisoner together with his army.

This is the way emperors behaved only a few dozen years ago. They may be censurable as emperors, but they command respect as men for the way they faced disaster.

And the false Parsifal, the priest-king terror of Europe, is hidden like a hare in his refuge at Amerongen. Perhaps he is giving lessons in horticulture to the gardeners of the castle, criticising the construction of the building, advising the owner about desirable changes, or thinking up a new uniform, "the uniform of the exile," in which to stroll about with tragic solemnity beneath the trees, as though thousands of cameras were focused on him.

This cannot continue. It is too immoral. Perhaps it will go on—for life is nothing but a web of absurd realities—but I repeat that it should not.

The United States has the electric chair, England the gallows, France the guillotine; almost all civilized countries have their modes of suppressing dangerous individuals that attack the safety of society or its future. He who kills just one person, he who burns just one house, he who robs on the highway, pays this isolated and individual crime with his life.

And this man upon whom rests the weight of four years of incessant slaying, who represents the authority for more crimes and brutalities than have been committed since the days of the barbarians, goes on living peacefully, forgotten in his refuge at Amerongen; and if they take him from there it will be to carry him to a picturesque far-off island that will recall to him his sweet Corfu!

Ah, no! this is neither logical nor moral.

I foresee certain objections, and hasten to add that I do not believe in capital punishment. But there are so many things to which we are opposed but which we must unblushingly yield to through the force of reality! Death proves nothing, I know. But the living must protect themselves.

I know that all life is sacred; every life (let it be clearly understood), without categories or distinctions, for the social hierarchies are nothing in comparison with life. And when one sees millions and millions of innocent lives sacrificed through the ambition and arrogance of one single guilty life one feels an irresistible desire, not for revenge, but for justice.

Besides, the future is terrifying if the great catastrophe which we have just passed through bears no severe punishment for its authors.

The worthy nations have made war that there might be no more wars. Well, there will be if the makers of wars get off unscathed.

Without just punishment the office of kings who seek amusement and glory in war as in an interesting sport will be a safe and desirable one. The plain individual who in a fit of rage, perhaps justified, shoots or kills is punished severely. The ruler who carries whole nations to death and upsets the world's life has only to retire afterwards to a castle, like a tragedian who, after brandishing his dagger upon the stage, goes to the country for a rest.

Fear of punishment is of great service. All we civilized men have moments in which we feel within ourselves the sanguinary fury of the primitive man. But we at once calm ourselves, remembering that there are police, judges, prisons, and capital punishment. If in the future rulers knew that an Emperor of Germany who exterminated millions of men and profoundly disturbed the world's order had been solemnly tried before the nations, and afterwards no less solemnly shot, they would hesitate a long time before planning another war, and they would end by desisting from it for fear of being held personally responsible.

The European "divine-right" monarchies became liberal and constitutional, not through conviction, but through frequent meditation on the heads of Charles I of England and Louis XVI of France.

If the makers of wars go unpunished, the bad training that the hereditary princes receive from the cradle will continue. They are brought up as soldiers, and their only dream is to make war which shall afford them glory without any personal danger, for their soldiers fight for them. What responsibility need they fear? This is the reason the Crown Prince passed his early youth in such a fury because the long-awaited war, which he visioned as "gay and fresh," was long in coming. For this reason his father, after so many speeches in favor of peace, concluded by provoking the most terrible of all wars. They had brought him up as a soldier, and he was going to die without other title than that of "Chief Commission Agent of the Commerce of Germany." And he drew his sword when the world least expected it.

No, this war has not ended right. Its termination is neither logical nor moral. If the millions of dead could rise, they would surely cry out (especially the Germans), looking toward tranquil Amerongen:

"How is this? We have died, and this man still lives."

If the world were ruled by justice and logic, I know well what would have happened. William would not be alive to-day. Since he lacked the courage to die like a lieutenant in disgrace, the nations would have made him die like a great criminal.

Rivalries might have arisen between the nations over the place in which this memorable act of justice should be executed. But all could have been arranged and every one satisfied by adding to William his first-born, Ferdinand of Bulgaria (another forgotten criminal), Ludendorff, the prolonger of the war, and a few more of his master criminal generals. All the great nations would make their sacrifice in honor of justice, and on a fixed date, at the same hour; before the Capitol in Washington, in Trafalgar Square in London, in the Place de la Concorde in Paris, in the Capitoline Square in Rome, and in the Municipal Square in Brussels, they could majestically proceed with this great example to history, each one executing the criminal who fell to his lot.

This event would inspire in some hitherto ignored musician a new "Marseillaise," the true "Marseillaise" of peace.

"Tremble, tyrants!" sang the French volunteers in 1792 as they intoned the hymn of Rouget de Lisle. "Tremble, ye kings who invent wars!" would say the people to-day at witnessing these punishments. "Know that ye will answer for them with your lives like ordinary beings for their acts."

And there would be fewer wars; that is a certainty.

But all this is a dream. There is no reason to suppose that life is just or logical. It is always the absurd that happens.

The hermit of Amerongen will go on living peacefully there, or in some other agreeable spot; and he will die when the microbes say so, and then who knows what the future may have in store?

Perhaps his crimes may be forgotten, or will be obscured by time like so many of the scourges of humanity; perhaps the

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German poets of the future, for lack of a better theme, will fasten upon him, as the French romantics fastened upon the hermit of St. Helena, and will serve him up to our grandchildren as a new Napoleon, who will not be a Napoleon, after the fashion of all German imitations, which are never like the copied model, but which outwardly resemble it.

This article will be followed next week by one on "The Responsibility of the Kaiser," written by Mr. Vernon Kellogg, of the American Relief Administration

LET RUSSIA IN

BY GREGORY MASON, STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

FROM no quarter of the world, perhaps, has the spring of 1919 brought so much new hope as from Russia. There are signs, persistent signs, that life is returning to Russia.

Small thanks is due to the directors of the Peace Conference for this hint of Russian rejuvenation—which perhaps contains even more promise for the future peace of the world than anything that the statesmen at the Peace Conference have done. With very few exceptions, the leaders of the nations which were Russia's allies have steadily failed to understand her. Nor if Russia gets back to her feet is there much credit to be given to physical assistance from the outside, the help of the Czechoslovaks possibly excepted.

It is too early to predict the definite revival of Russia. But certainly there is far more reason to hope for recovery than there was a year ago. On all its edges Bolshevism seems to be fraying.

In its early stages Bolshevism had the support of many of the Russian peasants because of its promises of land to them. And it had the support of most of the industrial workers, who expected from it an industrial millennium. But after getting their land the peasants fell away from Bolshevism when communism was begun to be advocated by the Leninites. And gradually the workmen have become disgruntled, too. So that to-day, although it is terribly risky to attempt any statistics about Russia, most of the peasants and perhaps more than half of the workmen are finished with Bolshevism. The industrials who still support it do so mainly for personal considerations.

The fact that the Allies have overlooked many past opportunities in Russia is no reason why they should overlook the opportunity which is beginning to appear as the result of the weakening of Bolshevism. In the first place, gratitude ought to make us do something for Russia. Most military critics of any account admit that Russia's efforts in the first months of the war saved Paris. And probably few will disagree with the dictum of the French General Cherfils, who said recently in the "Echo de Paris" that "the offensive of Brusiloff of the 6th of June, 1916, improvised to the detriment of a more rational plan, saved Italy from the disaster which threatened her." After reminding his readers that in the two years and a half during which she fought Russia suffered more casualties than any of her allies suffered in four years of fighting, General Cherfils went on to say:

"Our generous recognition accords with our interest in commanding us to foster with all our power the triumph of the Government of Admiral Kolchak, and through him the safety of Great Russia. If Russia is not with us, she will be against us—that is to say, with Germany. Germany will then be certain of having her revenge."

This warning of the French critic is conspicuous not only by its wisdom but by its rarity among the countrymen of the writer. Of all the Allies, none has acted toward Russia with such lack of foresight as France.

The French attitude toward Russia is contempt—contempt overlaying a frank regard for nothing in Russia except French material investments, railway bonds, etc. The French generally have forgotten what General Cherfils does not forget, namely, that Russia saved France again and again before America came into the war; in fact, that without Russia's gigantic assistance France would have been gobbled up in two months. France has lost Russian affection by her tactlessly frank exhibition of ingratitude, but she has converted Russia's feeling toward her into positive bitterness by blunders in policy. The greatest of these blunders was the withdrawal of French troops from the Odessa neighborhood. The south of Russia is the richest part of the whole country, and contains perhaps the largest percentage of families who might be influential in ousting Bolshevism. Russians of this stripe organized themselves to combat the Leninites on the promise of active Allied assistance. Just when the organization of loyal Russians was well under way the French withdrew their army. This obliged the Greek force, which had been fighting splendidly, to withdraw also, and left the loyal Russians as conspicuous marks to bear the brunt of Bolshevist hatred. Is it difficult to imagine how such Russians feel toward France?

In the past few weeks I have talked with many Russians in Paris. To judge by the expressions of these men, Russians to-day dislike the French even more than they dislike the Germans. The grave possibilities of such a situation not only to France but to all the Allies as well need no elucidation by me. As the French military critic said: "If Russia is not with us, she will be against us—that is to say, with Germany. Germany will then be certain of having her revenge." And he added, with the cruel force of cold truth: "That one of the two camps which will have with it the power represented by this immense Slavic country of 180,000,000 inhabitants will be master of the future."

This French military critic sees the fallacy of a theory held not only widely in France, but also cherished by not a few Britishers and Americans. For lack of a better designation, I might call this the Wall Across Europe theory.

Those who hold to this theory are guilty of giving too much attention to the issues between France and Germany, and not enough attention to the whole position of Germany and all her possibilities for the future. They are too much inclined to think that all you need do to guarantee the peace of Europe against another attack of madness on the part of the Teutons is to create a strong France. To that end they direct their efforts mainly to stripping territory and strategic resources from the western frontier of Germany and giving them to France. In other words, they are bent on building a wall across western Europe between France and Germany, behind which they hope France can be safe. So far, so good. The wall is all right, but the error of most of the persons who are engaged in building it is that they overlook what Germany may do in the east. In short, they forget that if Germany is permitted to go east and add to herself the whole strength of Russia she can then turn westward and demolish the strongest wall that the French can build. Unless there is a wall in the east the wall in the west will fall.

Russia cannot be ignored. If that is so, we would do well to find out what Russia is going to be. No one believes that Russia in the near future is going to cover so much space on the map as she did when Nicholas II ruled. But, on the other hand, a good many people are beginning to revise their opinions as to the degree to which Russia will disintegrate. Many of the fragments which flew off from old Russia are apparently being drawn back by natural attraction. Finland, for instance, seems certainly unable to stand alone. Her future is closely dependent on the future of Russia. The Finns have not made a success of self-government. Autonomy under Russian protection is probably as far as they are fitted to go. The two million Letts and the three to four million Lithuanians want independence until a strong Russia is organized, but they have expressed a willingness after that event to content themselves with autonomy under Russian protection. Esthonia, Courland, Lithuania, will all be part of a Slavic federation. As to the Ukraine, that

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is a German invention. The Ukraine is nothing but "Little Russia," and "Little Russia" it will remain.

I am sorry that I can have no faith in the Poles. But is there much in their history or in their conduct during this war to inspire faith? The Russians are disposed to welcome a free Poland so long as it is not imperialistic. The Russian point of view was fairly well expressed by a former high official of the Lvoff Government with whom I talked the other day. Said this man:

"Russia will give the Poles all they are ethnologically entitled to, but not an acre more. I regret to say that there is already friction between Poland and Russia. There will be more serious trouble later; not war, but serious trouble. Then Poland will have a war with Germany—in fact, that will be the next European war. It will be short, and you can imagine the outcome. Indeed, from the point of view of one who wants to preserve the peace of Europe, Dantsic ought never to be Polish. It ought to be international now, and German later. The more you give the Poles, the more you hurt them—because the more certain you make their downfall. Give them Silesia now, if you like; they will not be able to keep it. This sounds cynical and pessimistic, but it is my honest opinion, and that, I understand, is what you want."

The question of the future of Bessarabia is the subject of a fierce controversy between the Russians and the Rumanians. Bessarabia is now occupied by Rumanian troops, and the Bessarabian National Council, or "Sfatul Tserii," has voted for the union of the province with Bessarabia. The Russians charge, however, that the Sfatul Tserii is not representative, being a body deliberately packed with agents of Rumania and the Bolsheviki for the purpose of giving a good face to Rumanian attempts to annex Bessarabia. The question is too involved to be judged without deep study, but certainly it is a question likely to make trouble between two countries who were allies in the recent war.

Whatever the allegiance of Bessarabia and the boundaries of Poland may be, Russia bids fair to become again what she was in the past, namely, the leading national group among all the Slavs. As such she will no doubt be in a close *entente* with the new Slavic states of Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, and perhaps also with Bulgaria. So, whichever of the two "camps" of Europe gets Russia on its side will probably have the smaller Slavic states also.

Just at present, so my Russian friends tell me frankly, the Russians feel that there is an unpleasantly wide gulf between themselves and the Allies. Why they feel this way about the French has already been explained. It was something of a shock to me, however, to have them tell me that they were fully as much disappointed in America as in France, although in a different way. They do give America credit for having wanted to act unselfishly in the Russian question, which is more than they will say for France. But just because they banked so much on America's promise they feel keenly the disparity between her promise and her performance. I ought to say here that the men from whom I get this point of view are all anti-Bolshevik; they are mostly men who belonged to the Kadet, Octobrist, or other moderately liberal parties before the Revolution. (Among the Bolsheviki it is still common to find a kinder feeling toward America than toward the other Allies.) These anti-Bolshevist liberal Russians seem to have little sympathy with President Wilson's attitude toward Russia. Some give him credit for being sincere, but say that his schemes are entirely impracticable so far as Russia is concerned. Others do not even give him credit for sincerity, and some even say that the American President is a Bolshevik for all practical purposes, and point out that Trotsky was preaching principles of the Wilsonian kind a year before the President drew up his Fourteen Points.

Strange to say, the Russians of this anti-Bolshevist type feel more kindly toward Japan than toward any other one of the Allies at present. In fact, rarely if ever has there been so much sympathy between Japan and Russia as there is to-day. The Kolchak people are frank in expressing their admiration for the restraint with which Japan has acted in Siberia. Being disgruntled with England, France, and America, most of the anti-German elements in Russia just now seem to seek an outlet for their feelings in a *rapprochement* with Japan.

The former Russian official whom I quoted above in regard to Russia's relations with Poland is of this group. He gave me the following interesting analysis of the developing situation which may drive Russia into Germany's arms, and of the possibilities which may enable the Slavic nation to escape this fate.

"I think it is of interest to you people of the Allies," said this man, "to understand the feelings of a not inconsiderable group of—I hope I may say intelligent—Russians to which I belong. We are anti-Bolshevik, we are anti-German. (I don't mean to say that to be anti-Bolshevik and anti-German amount to the same thing. A great many people have made the mistake of thinking that Bolshevism is primarily a movement backed by Germans, or, at least, a movement launched to forward the national aims of Germany. This is not true at all.) But, at any rate, we Russians of whom I am speaking, and whom in a way I represent, are both anti-Bolshevik and anti-German. To-day we recognize that there is a danger, a very great danger, alas! that Russia will be forced into a firm alliance with Germany. As we see things, it is the failure of you Allies to understand Russia and to formulate a practical policy toward Russia which makes that unpleasant possibility almost a probability. What a danger a Russian-German alliance might be to the rest of Europe, even to the rest of the world, I need hardly point out. Japan would almost certainly be forced to join it. That triple alliance would be a combination too strong, I believe, for any other combination of nations to withstand. I believe a day would come when it would wrest even from you Anglo-Saxon peoples an acknowledgment of that world dominion which Germany failed to win in the late war.

"As a sincerely pro-Ally Russian who abhors everything which German *Kultur* stands for, I dread the completion of the unpleasant picture which I have sketched. But if we are going to avoid that development of affairs we must all act quickly, we pro-Ally Russians and all you Allies. We can do little, you can do much. To analyze the situation dispassionately, I would say that England has the best chance of winning Russia's hand from Germany, France we distrust. Japan we like, but Japan as well as France is not rich enough and powerful enough to sue successfully for our hand against Germany. America is too far away, and can't seem to see her opportunities, anyway. England, in spite of many mistakes, of all the Allies shows the most understanding of Russia and the most appreciation of what must be done to prevent the German-Russian alliance from becoming a reality. Perhaps the best thing you others can do is to back up England, and not compete on your own account."

"You don't think there is any chance that Russia, even if temporarily seized by Germany, could eventually swallow the Germans, as the Chinese swallowed the Manchus?" I asked.

"No," replied my friend, emphatically. "On the other hand, history has shown that wherever German and Russian civilizations meet the Russian melts into the German. The only way to prevent the Prussians from acquiring and organizing the industrial, economic, and military power of 180,000,000 Slavs is to keep German *Kultur* from getting into Russia at all. And the only way to do that is to give us an adequate substitute for German *Kultur*."

"What is the first thing to be done?" I asked.

"The first thing to be done," replied the faithful lieutenant of former Premier Lvoff, emphatically, "is to show us loyal pro-Ally Russians that you trust us. From the beginning of the armistice up to a few days ago you Allies have treated Russia almost as if she were one of the enemy countries. Do you forget that we paid out more lives for Allied victory than any one of you? I do not believe you forget that, and yet up until a few days ago we Russians who came to Paris to represent the anti-Bolshevik governments of Kolchak, Denikine, Archangel, etc., were treated almost as if we were agents of the enemy. The first thing for you Allies to do is to consult Russians when you are handling Russian affairs. That is, give us all the moral support you can.

"In the second place, give us all the material support you can, except soldiers.

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We are glad enough to have any volunteers come from your countries to join our forces, but the day has passed for the Allies to send a formal expedition into Russia. Such an expedition would do more harm than good. It may astonish you to know it, but it is a fact that Admiral Kolchak has been asking for the withdrawal of the American forces from eastern Russia. For reasons which are mostly psychological we can fight the Bolsheviki better now if our forces are Russian without adulteration. But all the supplies—all the shells, shoes, and soup—that you can let us have are very much needed and can be put to the best possible use."

Baron S. A. Korff, who was appointed Vice-Minister of Finland after the abdication of the Czar, is one of the best informed Russians in public life to-day, and shares in essentials the views of the official just quoted. Baron Korff, whose wife is an American, is acutely conscious of the danger that Russia may be forced into dependence on Germany. He thinks that the present formulation of the League of Nations increases that danger. He says:

"There ought to be two principles fundamental in the League of Nations. First, the League ought to be founded on inner friendship among all the members without any reservations. Second, the League ought to be founded on outer equality, by which I mean that the vital and most precious interests of each nation, such as America's Monroe Doctrine, ought to be safeguarded. Now the first of these conditions does not apply to Russia at present, but Russia can well see that this condition is lacking. The League is stillborn and is already decaying because the "Big Three" Powers are at loggerheads. The second condition just mentioned does apply directly to Russia. Russia is not getting into the League on the ground floor, as you say, she is not to be a charter member. Then, too, the question of nationalities is handled in a way detrimental to Russia's interest. I refer to the disposition of the fate of the Poles, Letts, Georgians, Finns, etc. We are not necessarily opposed to the independence of these nationalities, even the Esthonians, but we do object to having these matters settled without the consent of the Russian nation, which ought to be given through our National Assembly.

"Take just a typical case of the way Russia is slighted. The Allies have practically come to an agreement to recognize the Government of Admiral Kolchak. But the fifth group of the conditions imposed on Kolchak says that in return for recognition he must agree to abide by all decisions made by the Allies in regard to Russia, and these are decisions in which the Kolchak Government will not be consulted! Is it not plain that that is unfair, that persistent tendency of the Allies not to consult Russians in things directly affecting Russia?

"As to the present League of Nations, it is not a League of Nations at all, but a mere syndicate of conquerors. Russia is not admitted on a basis of equality. We protest emphatically against this exclusion. It is not fair to bring Russia into the League later on the same basis as Germany. To many uneducated Russians it might seem that the Allies were putting Russia on the same plane with Germany, as a conquered nation. The result is a strengthening of German influence in Russia, a most undesirable result from the Allied point of view. It seems as if the Allies were bent on doing everything possible to push Russia into Germany's arms.

"In spite of what I have just said about the League of Nations," Baron Korff continued, "I believe that in a few years we shall see a real League, based on the principles which I have stated.

"One of the few pleasant features in a situation which appears rather black to us is the new friendship between Russia and Japan. I have a great belief in friendly relations between these two nations, but no belief in a Russian-German alliance. If Russia and Japan are forced to take Germany into partnership with them, it will not be because of any liking for Germany, but simply because the other nations drive them into Germany's arms. I believe there is no real reason for rivalry between Russia and Japan. We Russians have no vital interests in the Far East. Japan has vital interests there, and I believe it will be best for the civilization of the world if Japan is recognized as the trustworthy leader of the Orient. Japan is the natural link between the East and the West.

"England, France, and America all seem inclined to trust the Japanese. Why can you not trust us Russians, the survivors of the loyal group which sacrificed more than a million lives for your cause and our cause? What would hearten us above everything else, what would do more than anything to frustrate Germany's propaganda in Russia, would be one little indication that you Allies trust us."

In short, what the Russians are asking is simply that they shall be let into the common council chamber, that their voices may be heard in affairs which affect Russian interests. Is this a large request from allies who fought valiantly for the common interest of us all for two years and a half—fought with rotten equipment, even with clubs and pitchforks in place of rifles, while a treacherous intrigue undermined the Government behind them? Is there any good reason why we should not open the door and let Russia in?

Paris, June 1, 1919.

THE MIRACLE OF THE WITHERED HAND

BY CAPTAIN HUGHES MEARNS, U. S. A.

AUTHOR OF "RICHARD RICHARD," "THE VINEGAR SAINT"

> And, behold, there was a man which had his hand withered. . . . Then saith he to the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it forth; and it was restored whole, like as the other.

IN the surgical wards of the Army hospital the visitor's most common question is, "Oh, but doesn't it *hurt* to be shot?" The soldier patient tells the truth in the beginning—"No'm, it don't," he will say. But that reply is so disappointing that he has to change it. Either the visitor drops him instantly or, worse, begins to eye him suspiciously, as if he were some sort of a bandaged faker. So he soon learns to smile deprecatingly and say, "Oh, not much, when you git used to it," which gives the visitor the satisfying picture of a modest hero, and all is well.

But privately he may tell you how he really felt. Here is the true story—typical of thousands—of Private Street, of the Forty-eighth:

"I was walkin' along back of our barrage," he explained, "just at an easy walk; but if you tell 'em that"—meaning the ladies—"they won't believe we was ever over. Lots o' times we walked. 'Course we crouched over an' kept our eyes peeled; an' we scattered, so as not to git bunched. Y'had to watch, 'cause they was so much noise you couldn't hear nothin'. Y'd git to see they was trouble over to the left, say, by the way the men'd drop an' the way the bombers'd begin to heave at a bush. An' y'd see the rush, an' know 'at we'd got a 'nest'—An' then you'd be droppin' yourself, an' tryin' to crawl out'n the way."

"And it wouldn't hurt?"

"On'y where your nose dug into the mud. You jus' naturally fold up and go down. You know you've been hit, but you don't know where. Your toe begins to burn a little, an' you think, mebbe, you've got a plug in the toe; an' when you git a chanst you feel all over your hoof for the hole. You can't find nothin', except that the whole leg is dead; an' you begin to git weak—the stren'th is jus' slippin' away, an' the sweat spills down into your eyes, stingin' 'em with the salt; an' you reckon you'd better drag along to a hole, which you roll into.

"An' then you feel warm an' wet up under the belt, an' you put your hand up, an' you find blood all over the left hip, an' a sure enough hole. It wasn't in the toe at at all! An' then you feel tired an'

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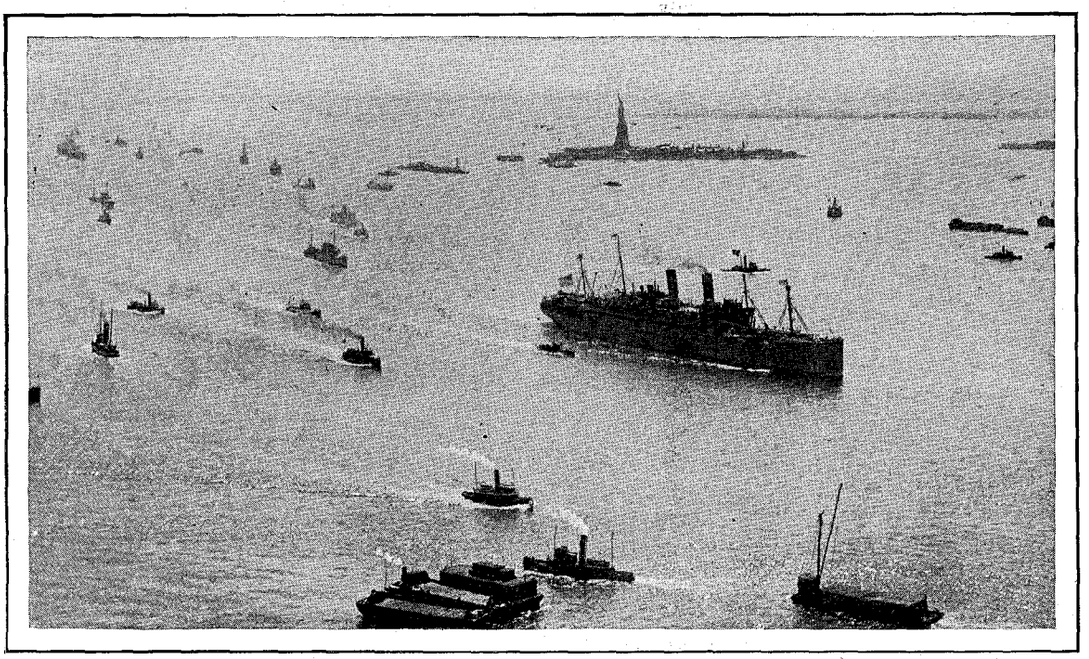
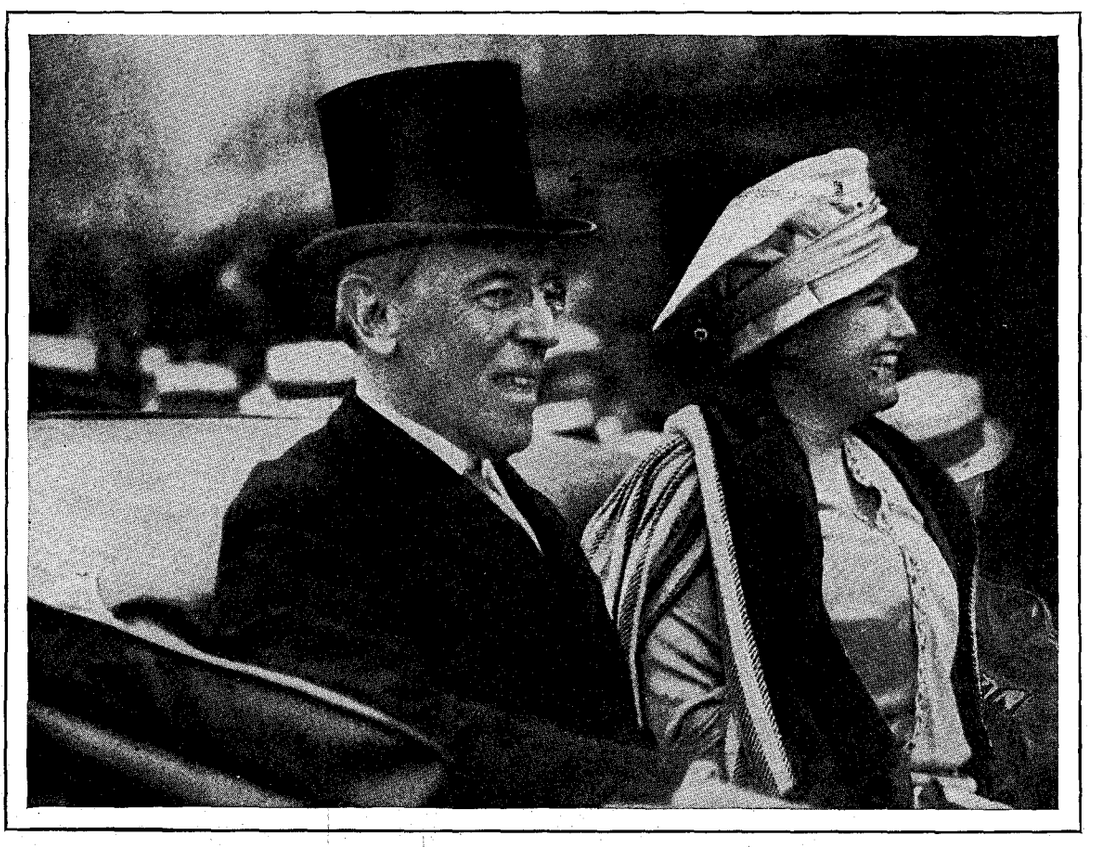


Photo Edwin Levick

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON COMING INTO NEW YORK HARBOR



Bain News Service

PRESIDENT WILSON AND MRS. WILSON AFTER LANDING IN NEW YORK

THE RETURN OF THE PRESIDENT

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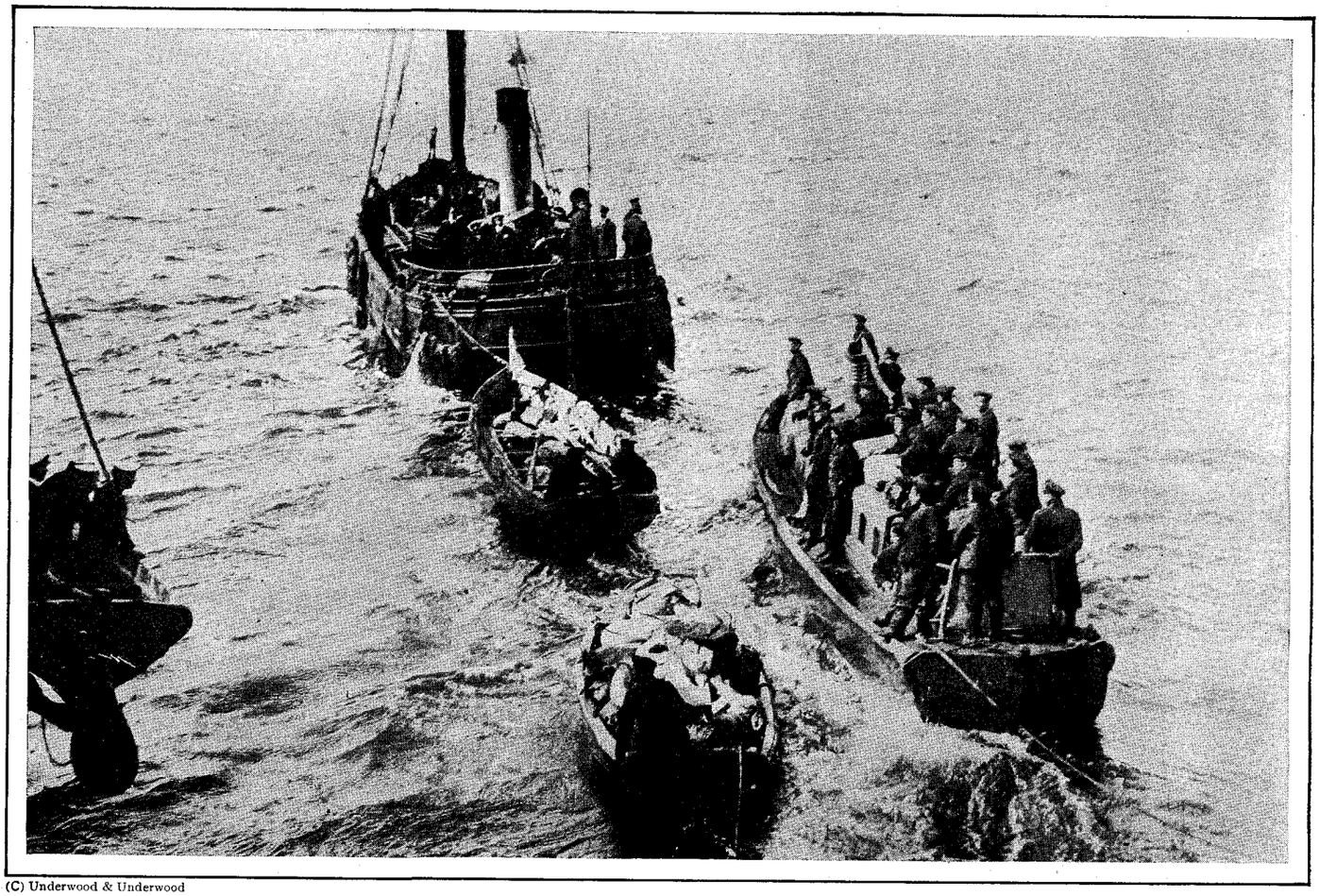
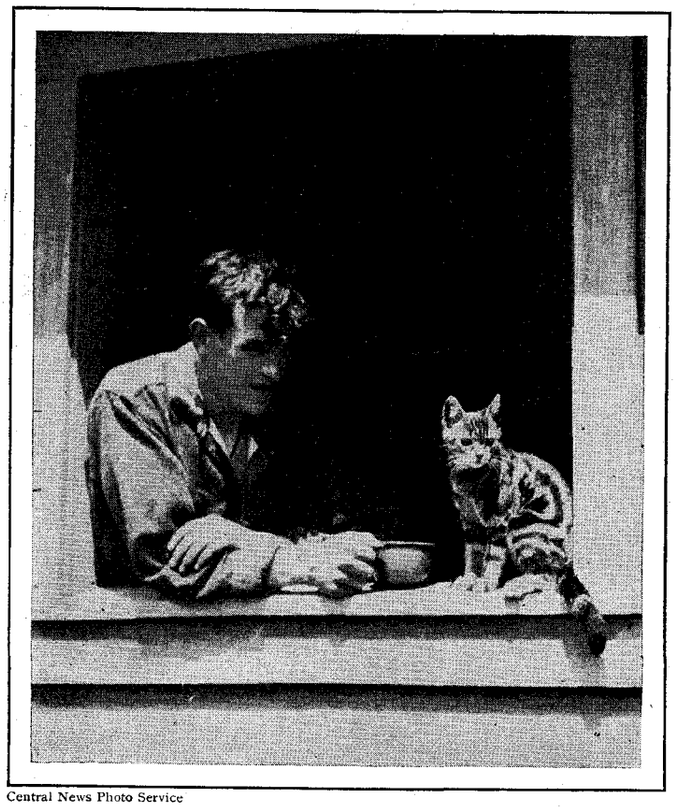


(C) Underwood & Underwood

AT SCAPA FLOW

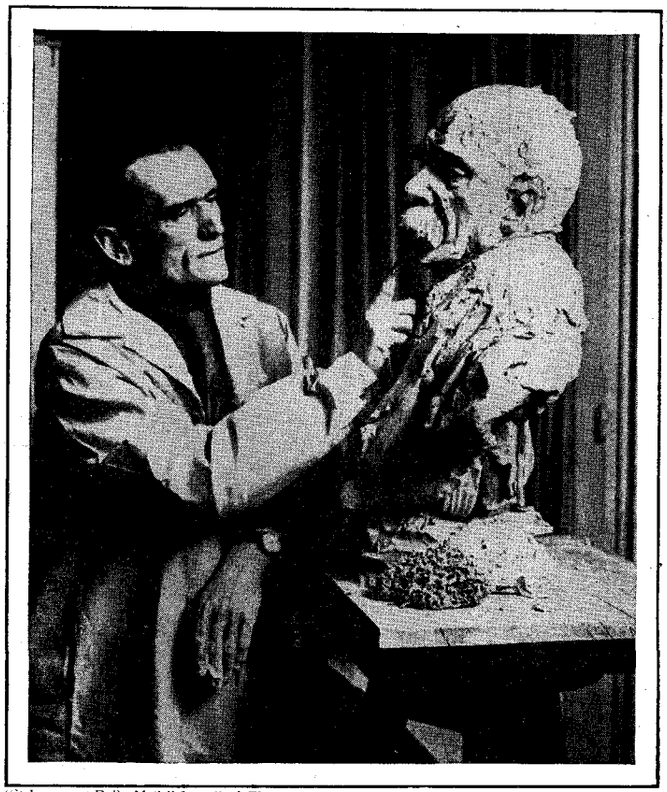
After scuttling the German ships in contempt of law and in violation of the armistice, German officers and sailors coolly sought safety in British ships



Central News Photo Service

THE STOWAWAY AND THE MASCOT

The stowaway, Ballantyne, who hid on the R-34 for the voyage to America and the kitten that served as mascot seem to have made friends on the way over



(C) London "Daily Mail," from Paul Thompson

CLEMENCEAU

This bust of the great Frenchman is being modeled at the Peace Conference by the English artist Mr. Derwent Wood, A.R.A.

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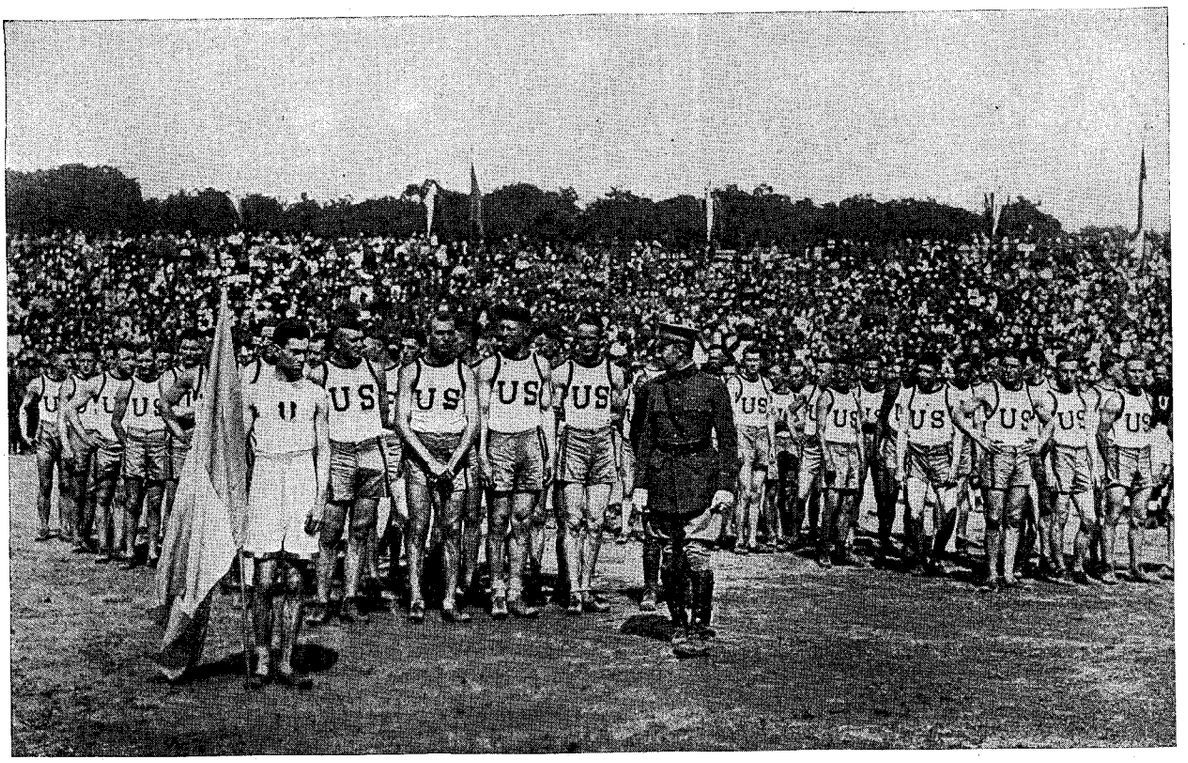

International Film Service

THE AMERICAN COMPETITORS AT THE PERSHING STADIUM

The Pershing Stadium was opened with ceremony at Joinville, near Paris, on June 22. Here are seen the American athletes who took part in the Inter-Allied games. They won ninety-two points, and carried off the honors of the meet

(C) Western Newspaper Union

WOUNDED SOLDIERS AS FARMERS

This is one of the ways in which Columbia War Hospital (Gun Hill Road, New York City) teaches convalescent soldiers the trades and occupations they may use in civil life

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thirsty an' sleepy; so you sleep. When you wake up, the doc is finishin' up with you. 'Good-by, ol' leg,' you say without much carin'. An' you was wrong again. There's the ol' leg—'tain't much of a leg, but there she is."

Yes, buddy, you tell him, every guess about this war was wrong. When you charge over the top, you don't charge but walk; you don't get shot where you think you're shot; and you're sure they've cut your leg off when you have it all the time. But you've made the prize blunder just now. You say it "'tain't much of a leg," and maybe you think it never will be much; but you're wrong again, my boy. The American Army surgeon is going to make it as good as new if you do exactly as you are told and have the grit to wait.

Sergeant O'Neill, of the Third Division, insists, with a wink, that the Germans loaded a very expensive high explosive just to knock him off a cracker box. "We was safe in the woods," he said; "nobody knowed we was there, see? The 14th and 15th of July Fritz dumps everything he has—but not on us. They was busy trimmin' the edge o' the woods an' all out-o'-doors beyond. Then they stopped. I was settin' on a cracker box, me work done, everything cozy. I was enjoyin' the quiet, expectin' any minute to be relieved an' sent back for a rest, wonderin' who owed me money, when they lifts one lone little H. E. an' drops it right through the trees on me, who wasn't annoyin' nobuddy. Fssst-puck!" He made a gentle ironic noise in imitation of a whiz-bang. "Like a sody bottle. An' away I goes, along with twenty thousand feet of fresh split lumber an' two town lots o' land.

"Headed toward our right, I was, held by the Twenty-eighth. We was all from Pa., an' a fellow in Twenty-eight owed me six francs, so *that* was all right. Nice quiet evenin' for a sail, on'y the lumber was annoyin'.

"How did it feel? For the first mile or two I jus' sits on the cracker box an' watches the scenery an' smokes. Then the H. E. sent the cracker box into small bits, so I had to set down where I could. Must o' come down on me arm." He pointed to his right arm, a withered thing, a sick child's arm. There was bitterness in his tone as he added, "An' I was a blacksmith!"

"You'll be a blacksmith again," I told him.

"Oui! Oui!" said he, a phrase which the Americans have brought from France, but rarely does it mean, "Yes! Yes!" With Sergeant O'Neill's cynical intonation it meant exactly, "I've heard that cheero-junk before."

The ward surgeon was called in for verification. Without a word he went quietly at work to strip Sergeant O'Neill's left arm, the uninjured one, displaying a hairy monster of a limb. He flexed it back and forth with admiration. Then he pointed to the limp, paralyzed fellow and said, quietly but firmly: "Sergeant, if all goes well, and"—he searched the soldier confidently with his eye—"I think it will, we're going to give you back an arm as good as this one," holding the good arm up; "better, maybe."

"Oui! Oui!" said the sergeant, meaning, "Go on, pray, your story interests me," but not so ironically this time. Some of the contagion of the surgeon's strong tones had got into him, had lifted him a little out of his cynical depression.

"Yes"—the surgeon eyed his man—"I *think* we can be sure of it. It'll depend on you, sergeant. If you can stick it out in a hospital; if you don't quit and have your folks get you discharged before we have finished; if you follow all the directions—and they're pretty tiresome, I'll say so—we'll put you back at the forge again. You look to me like the sort of chap that would stick. You are, aren't you?"

"Oui! Oui!" smiled O'Neill, but this time it did mean, "Yes! Yes!"

Sergeant O'Neill had not yet begun to believe in the miracle. Paralyzed arms, he doubtless thought, are not made whole in these days. Private Street and Sergeant O'Neill are typical of thousands of men with paralyzed limbs who must remain in the hospitals months after the war is over and the Army has been demobilized. At this writing there are over thirty hundred such men in the hospitals on this side. In other wars such men would have been out much sooner if blood poisoning had not got them before they reached any hospital at all; but Sergeant O'Neill would have flapped an empty sleeve and Private Street would have pegged about on a wooden stump.

Just what had happened to these two men? In one case a ribbon of machine bullets and in the other case the flying fragment of a high explosive shell had severed the great nerve which supplies the limb with power. Other things had happened, too. O'Neill's arm had been broken and a part of Street's leg muscles had been torn away—small matters in modern surgery. Bones may be set and muscles may be made right again, but the slender little gray "wire" that mysteriously brings the power down from the brain is not so easily repaired.

If nothing were done, the result would be helpless paralysis with a swinging useless limb. But something is done. The procedure is first to let the wound heal. The lacerated muscles and the broken bones must be brought back to normal condition. This may take months. Meanwhile the muscles whose "wires" have been broken must be kept alive by daily massage, for without the life-giving power that comes from the gray nerve the muscles tend to shrink into an inert bundle, to become dead; nothing then can bring them back into life. The moment a motor nerve is broken the muscle begins to deteriorate and waste away. Fibrous tissue and fat infiltrate into the paralyzed limb, eating its life out like rust in iron. Besides constant massaging the muscles are propped in exactly the right position to prevent stretching. If the limb is allowed to "drop," the elongation of the muscle may become permanent; and then, like a run-down battery, no amount of successful "wiring" will bring life back into it.

During all this time a specialist of specialists among medical men, a neuro-surgical diagnostician, is watching and testing. Does the palm sweat? Are the fingers cold? How do the surrounding muscles behave? Is there shrinkage in spite of daily massage, hot baths, and electric treatment? How much? He notes small things—pink and white spots on the skin, tiny ulcerations, and the like—and is keen in the knowledge of their significance to the hidden mysteries of growth going on beneath. It is as if he were listening, microphone to ear, for the most delicate tick of life in that wounded nerve; for with the help of another specialist, the physiotherapist, he will, if he can, coax it back from the dead without an operation. Over half of the cases will recover without operating, but only because of this expert care.

Frequently the nerve is not only snipped by the bullet, but a considerable portion is missing—an inch or two. Imagine an inch of the "wire" broken in the forearm. The nerve ends must be brought together. How to bridge the gap? The arm is flexed, just as a small boy draws it up "to make a muscle," which brings the edges of the destroyed nerve together. A very delicate threading of the severed parts, then the arm is set in a rigid plaster cast and held in that position until the slow, mysterious growth takes place.

It is not so easy as fixing an electric wire, but it is quite similar. The difference is simply one of time. Weeks will elapse before "life" begins to flow down the reconstructed wire. The first signs, it may be, will be a movement of the tips of the fingers. This must be encouraged. The mind, it seems, must be taught again to make the hand raise and lower. Stretch out your own hand; gradually extend the fingers; raise one and then the other; raise the whole arm slowly. How do you do it? You don't know. A wish—and there you are! Well, that simple wishing is something which, once on a time, you learned to do. The wounded man must learn it over again.

The "wire" is repaired; life is flowing along its gray length; "wishes" fly mysteriously, and muscles contract and extend. But all is not done. The wire, you will remember, is short by several inches, and to prevent ripping the arm has been plaster-casted into a rigid V-shape. One sudden reaching forth, and the nerve would be broken again; but it will stand a deal of gradual stretching; if it is extended carefully, each day a little bit more, it will grow new cells and lengthen itself out.

Here is the danger period. The work of months can be spoiled, perhaps never to be repaired, by a single wrong motion. The expert masseuse is at the muscle every day, drawing it down in infinitesimal moves. The neuro-surgeon is by her side, watching. One day he says: "Cured! As good as new, my boy! Do you think you could sign your name to an application for discharge?"

From the mental side, these boys with

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By the Way (Continued)

clerk, "I'm a Presbyterian." "Oh, are you?" exclaimed the woman. "Well, I used to think that the Presbyterian Church was the only church, but the times have changed and I have changed, and now I think that any church is all right that has the grace of God in it," and then she added—"*even the English Church.*"

The record in meanness is well established by the lady who called at the local shop in a country village in England and gave a small—very small—order for goods, including a ha'p'orth of cat's meat. The shopkeeper was muttering angry words to himself half an hour later as he made up the order, when a flurried and breathless maidservant dashed into the place. "H-h-have you sent off Mrs. Grableigh's things yet?" she gasped. "Just doing 'em," snapped the grocer, as he struggled with a sea of parcels, "Oh, thank goodness!" gasped the girl. "Then don't send the cat's meat. The cat's just caught a sparrow."

Anecdotes of Charles Kingsley abound just now, for he was born on June 12, 1819. Smokers will particularly relish one told by Mr. A. G. Benson, essayist and son of Archbishop Benson:

> My father used to tell how once he was walking with Kingsley round about Eversley, when Kingsley suddenly stopped and said: "It is no use. I know you detest tobacco, Benson, but I must have a smoke," and he had accordingly gone to a big furze bush and put his arm in at a hole, and after some groping about produced a big churchwarden pipe, which he filled and smoked with great satisfaction, afterward putting it into a hollow tree and telling my father, with a chuckle, that he had concealed pipes all over the parish to meet the exigencies of a sudden desire to smoke.

A note of correction in the New York "Times" adds to our collection of amusing misprints: "In a letter from Mrs. Florence Howe Hall in the New York 'Times Book Review' of May 25 she was made by the compositor to speak of the poet Longfellow as a 'sweet sinner,' when her manuscript had referred to him as a 'sweet singer.'"

Another is the passage quoted by "Punch" from a Paris letter in a London evening paper: "The Majestic and the Astoria, and the other innumerable hotels which house the Allied delegations, are full of the white faces of tired secretaries, whose principles have departed, or, still worse, returned."

"Poor nut," says the Boston "Transcript," was what a Western school nurse wrote on a pupil's card. The boy complained that the nurse had called him names until it was explained to him that the nurse meant "Poor nutrition."

"Junk" to most people means worthless rubbish. But a report of the United States Chamber of Commerce estimates that the total value of junk annually salvaged in the United States aggregates more than two billion dollars, a clear saving of two per cent of the total annual manufactured output of the country. In a bulletin the United States Geological Survey reports that secondary metals, including brass, lead, zinc, copper, tin, and aluminum—secured from scrap metals, etc.—recovered in 1916 were valued at more than two hundred and sixty-five million dollars. One of the serious causes of juvenile crime is said to be the ease with which stolen junk can be sold.

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COLLEGE woman would like position, in September, as housekeeper where she can have entire charge. 7,157, Outlook.

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COMPANION, preferably traveling. Young woman, refined, well educated, pleasing personality. At liberty after September 15. References. No. 7,167, Outlook.

LADY desires to place her excellent English nurse with family going to England or France in early fall. Will take charge of children or invalid in return for passage. *Absolutely reliable.* Write Mrs. *Theodore Lilley*, Tolland, Mass.

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